JOHN BULL, MARCH 2, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1759.

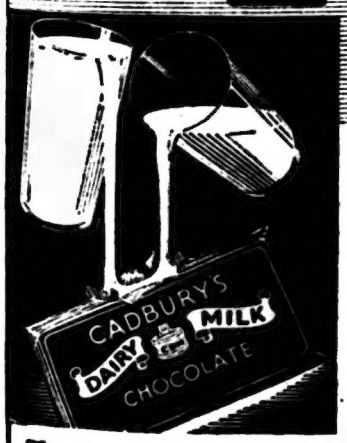
MONSTER EASTER X-WORD PRIZE—SEE PAGE 36

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

IF IT'S
CHOCOLATE
THEN IT'S
FOOD



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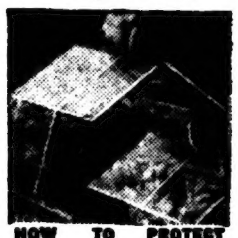

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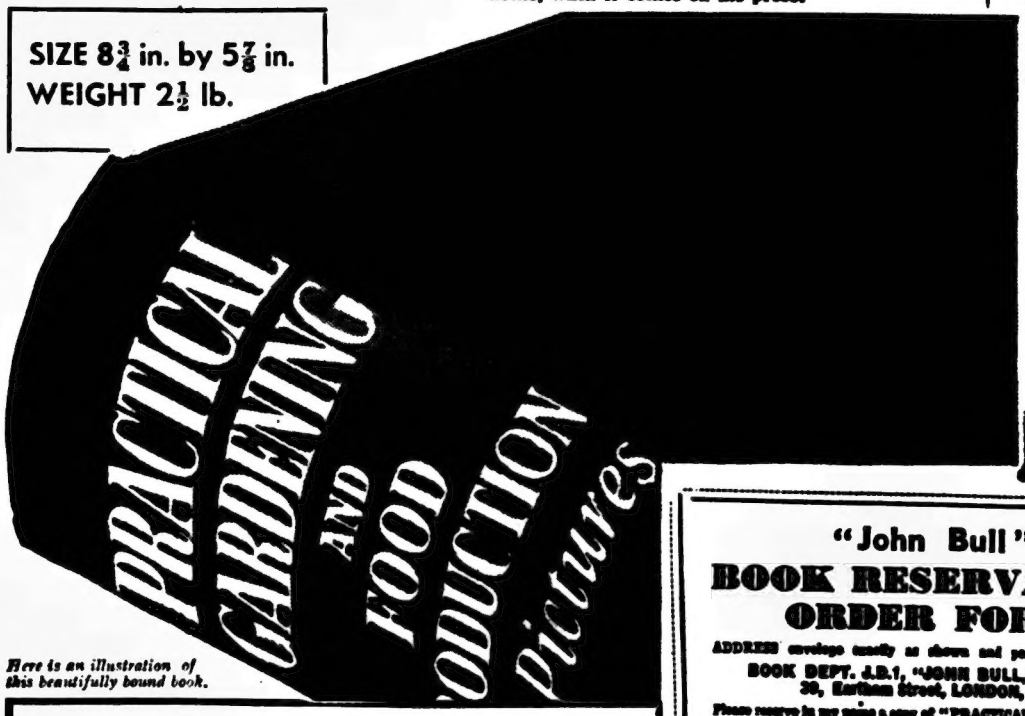

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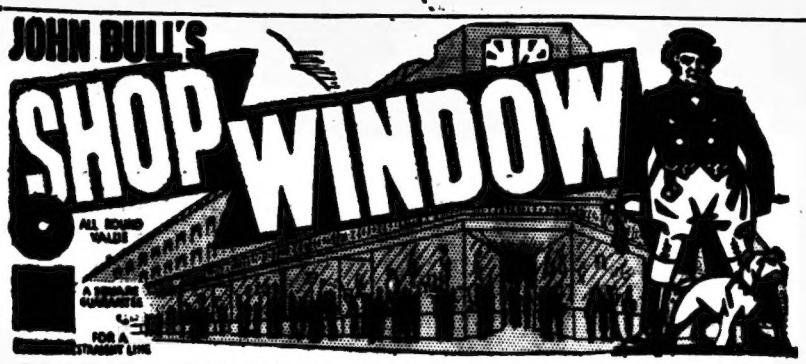

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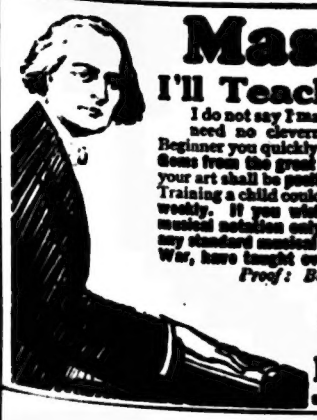

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WITH HITLER

BY

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON

LATE HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN

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WITH these words Sir Nevile Henderson, late His Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, begins exclusively in the "Daily Herald" on Tuesday next, March 5, his own first-hand account of what actually happened in Nazi Germany from the time he arrived in Berlin in April, 1937, to the fateful day of September 3, 1939. Here, PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME, is Sir Nevile Henderson's own story—simply and vividly written—of the tremendous events which led eventually to the outbreak of war. This is NOT a summary of an official document, but a specially written personal narrative in which many new and important facts are disclosed. Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, Himmler—what manner of men are the masters of Nazi Germany? The Ruhr, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland! What really went on behind the scenes? Sir Nevile Henderson now reveals to the world THE WHOLE TRUTH. This remarkable document—probably the most important ever to be published in a newspaper—will appear only in the "Daily Herald"—starting on Tuesday next, March 5. Owing to wartime restrictions it is essential that you place an order with your newsagent *in advance* for the "Daily Herald" to be supplied to you every day. In no other way can you be sure of reading this outstanding and historic series.

EXCLUSIVELY IN THE

DAILY HERALD

STARTING TUESDAY NEXT—MARCH 5

DO NOT CONCENTRATE ON WAR

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves. Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of the long dark nights by concentrating upon something useful.

During the last war many people learned how to write short stories, etc.; to-day a number of them are world-famed authors.

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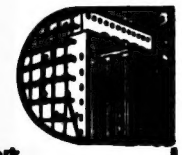
War or no war, earning power always brings its possessor to the front. It is no use waiting for better times. The ideal opportunity never arrives. We have to make the best of existing conditions. Therefore, delay is useless; it is worse, it is harmful.

DO ANY OF THESE SUBJECTS INTEREST YOU?



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C.R.C. 301

Neutrals Learn Their Lesson

ANGRY roars from the British lion are echoing across the world. Seeing in his pounce on the *Altmark* a warning to them all, neutrals are hurriedly blocking the gaps they had allowed to be torn in our blockade.

Not anti-British feeling but fear of Nazi aggression had tempted them to turn a blind eye to anti-British tricks.

They now realise that they can best avoid trouble by enforcing real neutrality, with which A. G. G. deals trenchantly on page 20.

They are Nazi Agents

"Running the blockade" has been an easy and profitable business hitherto. In four months Germany's neutral neighbours bought extra goods worth £17,000,000 from the United States.

Much of this was resold to Germany.

Every day reports reach London of firms in neutral countries acting as Nazi agents.

These firms are immediately black-listed; orders given for their imports to be stopped by our contraband control.

One difficulty is that as soon as one firm is stopped another enters the business.

Now the countries concerned are taking action themselves to end this profitable racket.

Sir John Simon has given up intention of raising income tax, now being collected at rate of £35,000,000 a week. His experts are making estimates, instead, of higher taxes on beer, spirits and petrol.

* * *

Food Parcel Traffic

Rumania is strictly limiting the sale of oil to Germany, whose efforts to coerce her by fomenting fresh frontier trouble are having no success.

Holland is no longer ignoring the blatant traffic in 50,000 food parcels each day to Germany.

Special shops had been opened to receive orders for parcels of coffee, sugar, rice, tinned meat, butter and cheese.

Prices varied from 14s. to 22s. Nazis in Holland sent parcels to one person in Germany under several different names.

Nazis impose seven o'clock curfew in Polish towns. Body of a young man returned to his home one night with this simple note pinned to his coat: "7.15 p.m.'

* * *

Counter Blockade?

So the British blockade, already admitted by Nazis to be "slow strangulation," should be quickened by ending neutral smuggling.

And the counter-blockade on which Goering raised such flimsy hopes?

Despite mines and U-boats, British imports in January reached the highest total since December, 1929.

Germany's Losses

First six months of war have amply proved our Navy's strength. Its losses have been more than offset by its gains.

Mr. Churchill has sadly announced the loss of one battleship, one aircraft carrier, six destroyers (one by collision), nine trawlers, one armed merchant cruiser and four submarines.

Grand Admiral Raeder has not been so frank about Nazi casualties, but on his debit account are one battleship, at least 45 U-boats, seven patrol vessels and trawlers.

Raeder Disappointed

Proportionately, Nazi sea losses are three times as heavy as our own, and we have run the greater risk by having to keep the world's traffic lanes open.

Admiral Raeder has had another disappointment.

His production of U-boats is only 40 per cent. of what he had expected.

Now for the Future

Goering has lost his optimism. He has seen his vaunted aircraft shattered and splintered.

The R.A.F. has accounted for at least 99 of them, probably 104. Our air losses now stand at 26, despite constant flights over all Germany.

Now for the next six months!

Be Prepared, Premier

Hostilities will undoubtedly be quickened. Britain will be far stronger to receive blows—and return them with interest—than six months ago.

We shall be stronger still if history's new strong man, Mr. Chamberlain, takes Lady Astor's advice.

Don't wait for things to go wrong.

See that they can't go wrong!

Facts to Watch

The coal shortage, which provoked Lady Astor's gibe and JOHN BULL's exasperation, should have been foreseen and prevented.

Grand-Admiral Raeder has lost his splendour with his U-boats

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE REAL WAR STARTS—*GOEBBELS*

★ £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE—underwritten at Lloyd's—FREE for every reader of "John Bull." Turn to page 33 and Sign for Security NOW!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 2, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Mr. Chamberlain, studying that disgrace, should consider this contributory factor.

Since rail wagons have come under Government control, merchants have to pay 3s. a day demurrage on each wagon they retain for more than two days.

To avoid heavy bills they reduced their coal stocks in the yards and were caught napping by the cold snap.

Multiply this, and—

Mr. Morrison has also been found wanting. His food control schemes still arouse anger.

Farmers round Haywards Heath, Sussex, send their meat to Cuckfield. Horsham farmers are sending all their meat to Haywards Heath.

Multiply this many times over the whole of Sussex and the result is what you might expect.

British move in Northern Europe is now genuinely feared in Berlin. Hence Goering's efforts to stop the Finnish war and Russian attempt to create a "diversion" on Turkish frontier.

* * *

Government Blamed

Strange that housewives cannot buy Argentine meat, although it's hanging in the shops.

Butchers blame Government distribution, say that delivery is made so late in the week that carcases are still frozen too hard for cutting at the week-end.

Mr. Morrison is late in sacking Minnie Muddle and Bertie Blunder.

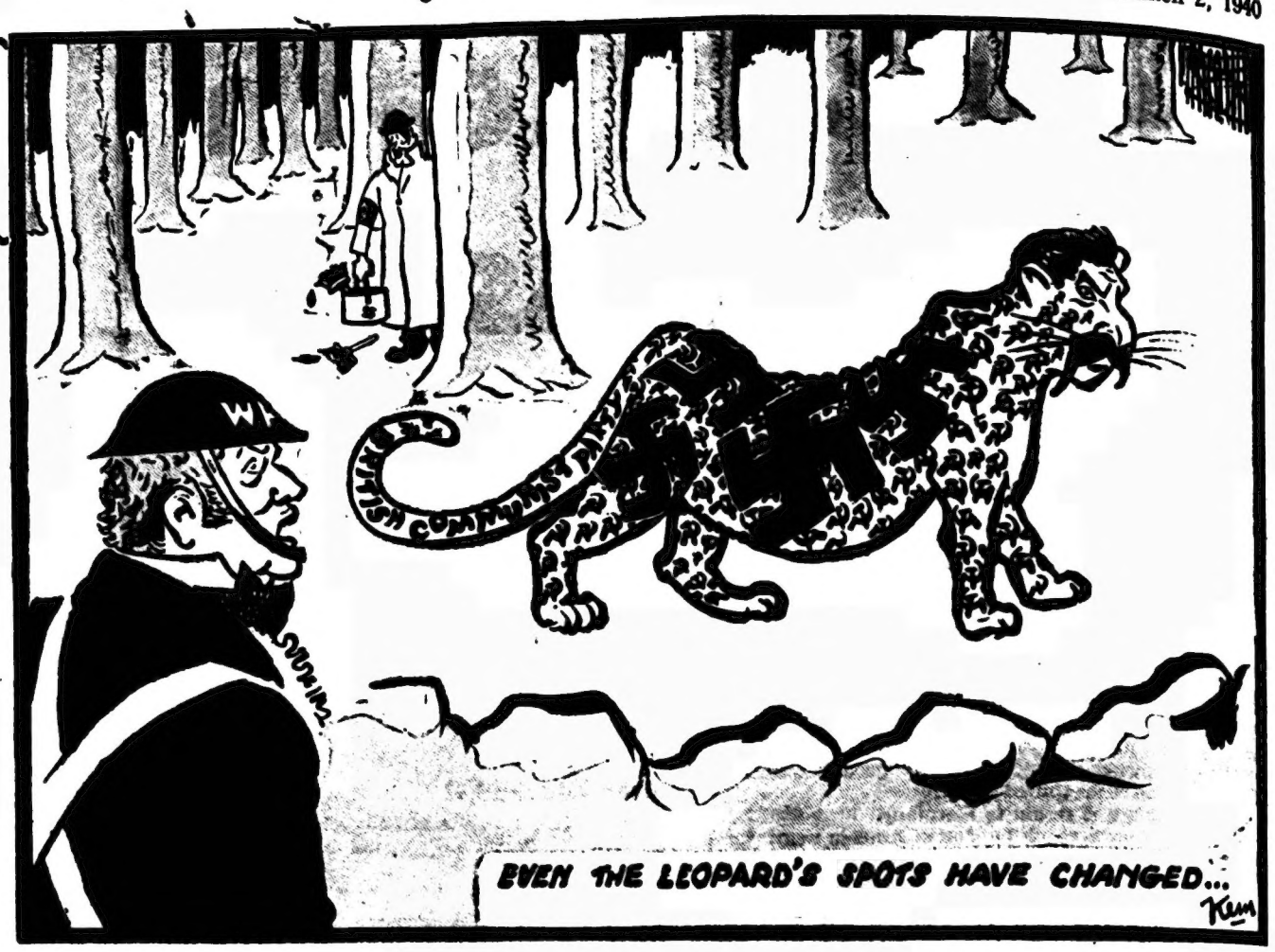
Cabbage Patch Plan

Just now Sir R. Dorman-Smith is doing better than Mr. Morrison in organising our food supplies.

Private families with back gardens can get Government subsidies on lime, seed potatoes and so on, if they join the local allotments association. This is a concession that should speed the "Dig for Victory" campaign.

(Continued overleaf)

KEM'S CARTOON



Continued from preceding page

Just Think of it !

No fear that rationing amounts will have to be cut. Quays throughout the Empire are piled high with foodstuffs awaiting export to Britain.

From South Africa alone are coming 4,300,000 pounds of butter, 1,000,000 pounds of bacon, 3,000,000 pounds of cheese, 30,000,000 eggs, huge stocks of beef and mutton.

The mere sound of it should make Lord Haw-Haw's mouth water.

Refugee Industries

Extra work continues to be created for British hands by craftsmen exiled by short-sighted Hitler.

Two more factories were opened in London last week by refugees to produce goods hitherto obtainable only from abroad. British labour will be employed exclusively.

Tapestry and petit point have been introduced by Czechs and Austrians to Ulster. Eight hundred girls are already employed, another 400 are in training.

British newspapers that say Spain is getting back to normal should know better. Franco is still executing a thousand people a month in Madrid alone; German influence there is again increasing.

* * *

Clients' Money

Legal profession is at last taking active steps to prevent solicitors from embezzling clients' money. **The big clean-up that JOHN BULL has always advocated is to be considered by the Law Society.**

Proposals are good, but not good enough. They must be further strengthened unless the honour of a great profession is to be traduced by rogues.

Bogus Charity Drama

Bogus charity collectors are also now feeling the law's hand on their shoulders. It has been a pleasure to see the dismay on their faces as they have realised that JOHN BULL always gets his man.

It has been a long fight, but the House-to-House (Charities) Collection Act should see the end of the "dud" charities that have plundered a generous public of millions of pounds.

It is Not Enough

"Cigarettes for soldiers," "comforts for sailors," have been used by them in recent months as baits.

Now they must obtain police licences before canvassing from door to door. Accounts must be submitted for police inspection.

German Jewish refugees continue their good work. One now in France has found such a promising treatment for cancer that the French Government is financing him.

* * *

Even so, JOHN BULL is not content to rest on the laurels of this victory. There should be a further safeguard, the revival of the War Charities Act found necessary to clip the claws of the last war's racketeers.

★ Legal Profession Clean-up
★ "John Bull" Gets His Man
★ Woman's Tragic Trudge

Nobody to Care

A young Glasgow man, caring for his three orphaned sisters, whose ages range from eight to fifteen, has tried to get postponement of military service.

The hardships tribunal rejected his plea, even though he is hardly likely to make a good soldier if he knows his three little sisters will have to go into the workhouse.

Would he have fared better had his case been argued by a lawyer? Would it not be justice to allow men to be legally represented at hardships tribunals?

Nazi campaign for more illegitimate births is now in full swing. Storm Troopers' journal declares, "The number of births outside marriage must increase enormously," brands as "deserters" any girls who refuse to sacrifice their morals.

* * *

This is Not Just !

A woman living at Bircotes, near Doncaster, found that her Army allowance had been stopped, no doubt because of some minor muddle.

Her distress was increased by a fire that destroyed all her children's clothing and much of her own.

She applied for public assistance.

Authority told this expectant mother to apply to the Unemployment Assistance Board officer at Worksop, ten miles away. From there she was referred back to the public assistance officer.

Tragic Pilgrimage

Trudging four miles through the snow to the relieving officer's house, she was offered 5s., eventually raised to 16s.

The local War Relief Fund have made her a generous grant, but should it have been necessary for this penniless, delicate woman to suffer cruel hardship in the worst weather for forty years?

What we would like to say, alas, could not be printed.

Brave Generosity

The chairman of Harworth War Relief Fund, who reports this scandal to us, tells us also that Harworth miners have levied themselves 6d. a week to pay the rents of their Service-men comrades.

Not for the first time, we wonder whether any body of men can show greater generosity than those who brave death in the pits.

Admiral's Appeal

Let us appeal to the generosity of our readers.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cork and Orrery reminds us that *Arethusa* training ship has been sending lads into the Royal and Merchant Navies at an average rate of 160 a year.

Each boy's training costs £90, the war is drying up funds, and *Arethusa* may have to abandon her crew unless immediate help is forthcoming.

It's up to you.

Never at a Loss !

Now for a grateful acknowledgment, addressed to those readers who have thanked us for the help given them on pension problems, rent and legal complications, and other matters.

Don't forget that JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service has never yet been stumped.

Yes-Man Trouble

Here's a man who gets too much advice.

More trouble between Hitler's yes-man, Von Keitel, and his Army chief, Brauchitsch. The former urges the Fuehrer to avenge the *Altmark* by making the long-postponed invasion of Holland and Belgium.

Von Brauchitsch urges caution. But his favour is waning, and he may be removed as soon as Himmler can report that the Army has been purged of its anti-Nazi officers.

Suspicious Allies

Nazis are alarmed by Soviet moves to gain more naval bases in Lithuania and Latvia.

These bases may be used not only to attack Finland, but also could be used to cut Nazi communications if Hitler tried to conquer Sweden without Stalin's consent.

Strange are the allies who mistrust each other!

More Nazi Doubt

Italy is another subject of Nazi mistrust.

Hitler is believed to have informed the Duce, through the mouthpiece of Von Ribbentrop, that he dislikes the increasingly cordial relations between Italy and Britain.

Goering has sent his confidential secretary, Koerner, to Rome to protest about another sore spot.

Italy is keeping up the price of Rumanian currency against German marks, thus preventing the Nazi domination of Rumanian trade.

A Deaf Ear !

To end on a lighter note, a Dutch professor specialised in teaching instead of curing deafness.

He crammed men liable for military service, showing them how to act convincingly and not to turn their head when a suspicious Army doctor dropped a shilling behind their back.

He even provided certificates swearing to their deafness.

But the Army authorities have also proved deaf to all explanations, and the professor is now in jail.

Don't forget China's war. Japanese armies have been cut off, face annihilation. Every prospect that all Northern China will be regained by the defenders.

* * *

ONE RABBIT—ONE HORSE...

★"Equality of Sacrifice," a grand war-winning phrase, must be used honestly if it is to mean anything

IT is easy to draw a cheque for a million. Not so easy to have it honoured. Popular slogans are like cheques in that way. *Their face value means precious little unless there is a fund of honest purpose behind them.*

"*Lebensraum*"—living space—has been a Nazi slogan for years. Hitler was constantly telling the world that all Germany wanted was "room to live."

WHAT COULD BE FAIRER THAN THAT? UNFORTUNATELY, HITLER'S IDEA OF "LEBENSRAUM" WAS THE ANNEXATION OF SMALL NEIGHBOURING COUNTRIES, WHICH WOULD GIVE LIVING ROOM TO THE NAZIS BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF MAKING THEM GRAVEYARDS FOR THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS.

Since the war started, we have been using a pet phrase or slogan of our own: "Equality of sacrifice."

Now that is a grand war-winning slogan in the honest sense of the words.

BUT few people use it honestly.

Their idea of equal sacrifice is like the Cockney pieman's idea of "fifty-fifty."

This Cockney made a small fortune out of his rabbit pies, and his secret was that they were not made entirely of rabbit. There was some horseflesh, too.

"How much horse?" asked a horrified friend.

"Why, fifty-fifty," said the Cockney. "You know, mate—*one rabbit; one 'orse!*"

Mr. Ernest Bevin, cutting clean through the pious sham of "equal sacrifice" in a recent speech, remarked bluntly that millions of people in this country "had nothing to sacrifice when the war started."

Many of them have rather "less than nothing" now.

WE ALL KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT REAL "EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE" IS IMPOSSIBLE UNDER PRESENT SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

WE KNOW ALSO THAT WE COULD GET MUCH NEARER TO IT, AND THAT WE MUST GET NEARER TO IT IF WE MEAN TO WIN THIS WAR.

We are already spending six millions a day, and we are trying to meet nearly half of that sum out of revenue.

All of us with anything to spare must help to foot the bill.

As the leader of the world's largest trade union pointed out, hundreds of thousands of men and women have nothing to spare. Unemployed, old-age pensioners and disabled workers have been living close to hunger for many years.

WITH PRICES RISING AS THEY ARE, EVEN THE POOR ARE MAKING SACRIFICES. THEY ARE DOING SO BY TIGHTENING THEIR BELTS. THEIR COMPULSORY SACRIFICE IS OUT OF ALL PROPORTION TO OUR OWN.

IF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY HONESTLY WANT TO APPROACH EQUALITY, THEY MUST BEGIN BY MAINTAINING A MINIMUM STANDARD OF LIVING FOR THE POOREST OF THE POOR.

IN a fumbling, half-hearted way, our leaders are beginning to accept this basic principle of justice.

Wage earners can sometimes insist on higher pay to meet higher costs, and "equality of sacrifice" becomes a meaningless phrase unless the country is prepared to protect the bare "subsistence level" of its poorest citizens in the same way.

The Government is doing a good deal to keep prices down. It is spending a million a week in subsidies of one kind or another to this end.

We don't know quite how this fifty millions a year is spent. We are somewhat uneasy lest, as Mr. Bevin suggested, certain trade interests take most of the money, while the public gets less than an equivalent benefit.

We are wholeheartedly behind the Government in the general theory that prices should be pegged down at the taxpayers' expense. If a million a week is not enough, then we must spend more. That's all there is to it.

It is better and cheaper to "peg" prices than to encourage "the vicious spiral" of rising prices and rising wages, too.

AS LONG AS ANY POLITICIAN USES THE "EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE" SLOGAN, IT IS NONSENSE TO ASK THE WORKER TO GO WITHOUT WAGE INCREASES UNLESS THE COST OF LIVING INDEX REMAINS REASONABLY STABLE.

We observe that the Government is beginning to face this cardinal fact rather late in the day.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE said we must *all* economise, but he admitted that the wage earner can't be expected to "carry the whole baby." He did not deny that wage increases can be legitimately demanded when the cost of living justifies them.

He went further than any of his Cabinet colleagues have dared.

Taking the broad, non-Party, common-sense point of view, we don't deny that hundreds of thousands of workers are earning more money now than they ever did in peace time, and that the war cannot be entirely financed by a policy of "soaking the rich."

YET ALL WORKERS, WHETHER IN OFFICE OR FACTORY, OUGHT TO REGARD THEIR MARGIN OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE AS SOMETHING ON WHICH THE NATION HAS A CALL.

We share Mr. Bevin's view that the appeal to the workers for national savings must depend upon the Prime Minister's answer to a single question.

"*Will he legislate to remove all such savings from any part in the Means Tests, either now or after the war, as they affect pensions and unemployment payments?*"

There has so far been no answer to this pertinent question. After the last war, there was a terrible slump and a vast army of willing workers was thrown on the industrial scrap-heap.

When this war ends, the danger of a similar slump is obvious to all.

JOHN BULL will not for a moment admit the necessity for such a slump. Wise planning might well avert it, but the loyal worker ought to be protected against its worst consequences—should it occur.

If working classes now contribute all their potential savings to Defence Bonds and Savings Certificates, the least this country can do is to guarantee that we shall not despoil them of their patriotic thrift when peace comes.

Bevin said, but we prefer to discount his accusation, that the Government is fighting a "bankers' and rentiers' war."

We refuse to believe that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues are wittingly and deliberately serving as the henchmen of great vested interests.

YET WE ARE FRANKLY UNEASY ABOUT THE RECENT DEAL WITH THE RAILWAYS. WE HAVE EVERY SYMPATHY WITH THE SMALL STOCK- OR SHAREHOLDER. WHAT WE DON'T LIKE IS THE INDISPUTABLE FACT THAT THE CITY SPECULATORS "MADE A PACKET" BY "BULLING THE RAILWAY MARKET" IN EXPECTATION OF A "GENEROUS BARGAIN."

THESE speculators made millions because they guessed rightly. We lean to the reluctant conclusion that, if they guessed rightly, the country must have paid more to the railways than was necessary.

Although this may be relatively a minor point, the principle of "equality of sacrifice" ought to cover every class in the community.

But it does not.

No doubt the Government was obliged to conserve its supplies of petrol, but beyond doubt petrol restrictions have ruined thousands and thousands of garage proprietors, owners of pump stations, and others dependent on our enormous pre-war motor trade.

LANDLORDS, FLAT OWNERS, LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS AND OTHER WORKERS IN THE SAME CATEGORY ARE BEING DRIVEN TO BANKRUPTCY IN SOME AREAS, ALTHOUGH THEY MAY EVEN BE MAKING INCREASED INCOMES IN OTHERS.

We don't object to necessary restrictions.

We merely maintain that, when Government action ruins any given section of the community, Government compensation becomes an essential part of the "equality of sacrifice" slogan.

We could continue in this strain for a long time. On all sides we can see the blind, unthinking, almost "accidental" repetition of many of the last war's "injustices."

But there is one more point that must be made now.

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT OUGHT NOT TO BE CONTENT WITH TAXING WAR PROFITS AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN MADE. IT OUGHT TO TAX THEM CLEAN OUT OF EXISTENCE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

Every big extra profit in this war must ultimately derive from the consumer's pocket.

The rich, the prosperous middle-classes, *and* the well-paid workers are the only persons who can finance this war. If we mean honest business, each of these classes will have to bear its proportionate share of the burden.

If any of you feel a grievance at the weight on your shoulders, we feel bound to tell you that your notion of "equal sacrifice" boils down in essence to that of the Cockney pieman.

"One rabbit of sacrifice for me, to one 'orse of sacrifice for the other fellow!" Fifty-fifty?

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Knowing that many skilled men are vainly looking for suitable jobs, I am sickened by the almost constant appeals for skilled labour.

A reader tells me that his firm has just engaged as a labourer a man who was in the Army when war broke out, was then discharged because he was a trained engineer, and ever since has been on the "dole."

It is your task to see that no man's skill is wasted.

Get on with it.

Sir GERALD CANNY,
Chairman, Board of Inland Revenue

DEAR SIR.—Time you lived up to your name. A Mayfair gambler who died recently is now known to have owed more than £100,000 in income tax. He spent £3,000 on Christmas gifts, but you won't get much of the arrears because he left only £600.

I remember a shipowner who owed you hundreds of thousands being allowed to squander all his fortune. I recall a stage star who owed you thousands for years.

Yet poor people, owing a few pounds, are badgered and harassed, and run the risk of being hauled into court.

Why the discrimination between rich and poor?

Why do you allow the income-tax authorities to turn a blind eye to big defaulters?

ERNEST WILLIAM FRIEND,
Folkestone

SIR,—While respecting most conscientious objectors. I regard you with contempt.

You admit that you did not notify an air raid warning when working as a G.P.O. telephonist, with the result that the siren was not sounded.

You were dismissed, but would it not have been honourable to have resigned on war's outbreak, knowing that your peculiar views might endanger the lives of your fellow-countrymen?

Your conscience is elastic.

President INONU,
Turkey

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—Hearty British congratulations on your decision to bring the National Defence Law into immediate operation, and your use of British officers to supervise additions to Turkish fortifications.

This policy, as firm as the friendship between our two countries, should leave Hitler and Stalin in no doubt that Turkey will fight, and fight with her old warrior spirit, if any thrust is made into the Balkans.

Such a campaign would prove disastrous for the dictators. I am happy to think, also, that your great country will play its full part in fashioning the peace following their defeat.

The STEEL CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Small firms are paying about £16 10s. a ton for new steel. They get only 44s. a ton for scrap steel.

This disparity, the result of a "ring" agreement, is so preposterous that you should at once investigate the merchants' profits.

The CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY,
Halesowen and Hasbury, Worcs.

GENTLEMEN,—I call on you to answer a complaint addressed to myself and the Minister of Health.

Its writer complains that you failed to deliver food during the great snowfall. His wife, an expectant mother, trudged a mile to your shop for milk and was turned away because she had not taken an empty bottle.

Can you assure me that this accusation of heartlessness is unfounded?

The HUMAN HAWKS,
Censorship Bureau

GENTLEMEN,—Hood your eyes a little, else they'll spot treason in everything they see.

A woman sent to her husband, an N.C.O. stationed at Shanghai for the last year, a photograph of herself and their little girl. You confiscated it.

Was your suspicion tinged with jealousy?

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Was it wise to take over control of all shipbuilding? Hundreds of men on the Tyne and Wear don't think so.

They have been paid off because work on new ships has been suspended.

I imagined we had urgent need of new shipping.

I thought you would give a big impetus to its construction. I still hope you won't disappoint me.

Wing-Commander W. E. STATON,
R.A.F.

GALLANT SIR,—I have no doubt you richly earned the D.S.O. just awarded you. It may indeed have been even more bravely won than the M.C. and D.F.C. you gained in the last war for bringing down at least twenty-five German aircraft.

Unfortunately, I don't know.

The deeds of yourself and your fellows are kept quiet by officialdom which robs the public of pride in individual achievements, though trying to stress the R.A.F.'s "team spirit."

I can at least wish you further honours.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Grimsby

DEAR SIR WALTER,—When fishing craft is sunk by enemy action, the crew is kept on pay for two months. But the skipper and mate, being on a share basis, get nothing.

Six weeks ago you promised a Government Bill to remedy this unfairness. Meanwhile, the victims are thrown upon the harsh mercies of the Unemployment Assistance Board or have to borrow from sympathetic owners.

Please try to oil the Whitehall cogs.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
War Minister

DEAR SIR,—Ex-officers tramp the dreary corridors of your offices until they are weary, but they never get an inkling of when they will be required for service. They must "hold themselves in readiness."

A Territorial lieutenant-colonel has been fobbed off for months. His papers are in order, and, expecting long ago to receive ten days' calling-up notice, he settled his affairs and is now penniless.

The odd nature of this war has upset your plans, yet these men could be given some rough idea of the date when they might be needed.

Yours faithfully

Every excuse for Mr. Burgin to look grim!

Wanton Waste Must be Stopped!

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—For the public's sake, don't be snubbed by pompous jackanapes.

More than two months have passed since you urged local councils to intensify the collection of waste paper, "desperately wanted" for our war effort.

Of the 1,050 authorities, only 320 are making any collection. More than 200 haven't even bothered to answer.

Your own home town, Harpenden, refuses to do anything. Harrow ignores an invitation to collect three van loads of useful "waste."

Yet East Ham made a profit of more than £5,000 last year by salvaging paper, rags and bottles.

Well, what is to be done about the laggards?

Are they to be allowed to hinder the nation's economic drive? Should it be made safe for them to flaunt the Government and disdain their citizens?

It is not enough to promise that your Ministry will collect paper if local authorities fail to do so.

They must be taught a lesson.

There is ample power to supersede them if they neglect their duty. You should confer with the Home Secretary and the Minister of Health to get this power used.

For this is no minor matter.

We are at war.

We cannot afford the wicked waste of raw material, foreign exchange and cargo space. We cannot afford the sacrifice of 1,500,000 tons of paper alone every year.

Petty mandarins must not be permitted to insult their ratepayers and the nation as a whole.

Greatest of These.

TEN weeks' work in two years.

Yet Mr. J. Williams, a London ex-Serviceman, still spends his days trying to find the billet that will not only give him the satisfaction of knowing he is working when the nation needs help, but also assist him in braving the overwhelming flood of trouble which has been slowly threatening to engulf his little family.

He has a wife and four children, to whom an addition is expected soon, and his widowed mother, never in the best of health, depends on him for many of the comforts that make life worth while.

Help her father!

Yet all these liabilities, including 12s. a week for rent, must be met from an income of 35s. a week, which is pitiably small and leaves nothing to provide for a baby.

Surely this brave man's plight should make a strong appeal to your generosity. Please help.

Donations should be earmarked "Harassed" and sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

No deductions are made for administration expenses.

We gratefully acknowledge P.O. for 2s. 6d. from W. B. W. (Weybridge), and "Poor Grimbarien," P.O. 2s.

Men manning these ships live in lifebelts knowing that at any minute the decks may be split by an explosion

FISHING—for DEATH

Even those who never miss an opportunity to praise the bravery of the men in minesweepers cannot realise to the full what it means to live in a lifebelt, to feel that at any minute the rolling deck beneath one's feet might be torn asunder by a mine.

Taking for granted the immense courage of men who go out day after day fishing for death, it is essential to watch the calm, unflinching spirit with which they work if you are to understand what risks must be run in keeping home waters safe.

Stuart Martin, a JOHN BULL special correspondent, set out from a northern port in a paddle-steamer that was once the pride of the holiday-makers it carried up and down the Firth. And week by week he will describe the adventures of that tiny leader of the minesweepers as she pursues the most dangerous "catch" for which any fisherman could hunt.

No. 1 of a Dynamic War at Sea Series by

Stuart Martin

who risked his life to get this impression of life in a minesweeper

FROM the stern came a warning shout.

Something deep down below had caught the steel cable with which we were fishing for death. The float that carried the cable away out from the ship so that it would cut loose any mines encountered, was suddenly dragged under the surface.

The cable strained and whined, taut as a fiddlestring.

A crisis!

Flash, flash, flash, went the signal to the sweepers behind.

They altered course, swinging out so that they might not be caught as we were. There is no stopping. If you get fouled, you unravel the fouling.

Down from the bridge came the commander, cool, alert, efficient, striding to the stern.

Up from the depths came big black objects—one, two, three. Mines!

Guns were levelled at them.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Columns of water shot up, and fell back. But still the cable held taut, still the float was submerged. Something down there had us fast.

The commander takes charge, calm, steady, without haste, without fluster.

Every man is at his post.

It may be a mine; it may be something else.

There are only two things to do. The first is to jerk the cable and try to clear it. We tried that. Every trick known to these seamen was brought into play. But it was no use. We were held.

The second and only other effort was made. The commander issued an order. The winches began to work, hauling at the cable. It strained and twanged, then came away, slowly, slowly.

Not a word from the crew as they handled the winches. If it was a mine that had fouled us it would come up in time. If it came up within a hundred yards and hit off then, we were due for a swim or sudden death.

Slowly the winches turned, slower yet. Never a quiver from the hands that governed them. Never a flicker from the eyes that were watching the cable. We were standing on the edge of catastrophe, and not a sound from the crew. Nothing but the slow grind of the winches.

THE commander cast a swift glance behind to see that every man was ready for what might come.

Then back to the winches.

"Ease her a bit, Wullie!"

"Aye, I'm easing her!"

"Take the strain, Wullie!"

"I'll be taking it!"

The winches grind again, stop, slacken, then take up the pull.

Two expert sharpshooters are leaning on the stern rail, guns ready. If we don't get clear within the next dozen yards the chances are that the stern will be blown off the ship. Yet how cool these men were. Watchful, but cool.

"We'll take it noo, Jimmy!" said the skipper, quietly. "Heave, ye bonny boys!"

Crack went the winches. Whang, sang the cable. And then—bang!

The ocean rose in a pillar behind us. It roared up, a marble column, stood for a split-second tall and erect, higher than we could see, then fell in deluge.

The stern of the ship was flung up and dropped slap into the water again. Men were thrown to the deck, but were on their feet in a flash again.

The ship quivered as though she had struck an earthquake.

Three hundred pounds of explosive in the mine that had fouled the sweeping gear had been touched off. Across the sea swept the stink of high explosive.

When it cleared the winches were still running, winding in the shattered gear. The men were still doing their job, drenched, grim, still steady, still cool.

It meant splicing the cable, new gear to be launched, with an icy wind cutting through clothing and freezing hands. But they did it.

Back to the bridge went the skipper, out went the sweep again. Once more we took our place in the line of sweepers.

A few more miles were swept, dinner served, clothing changed.

In the afternoon a signal came from another sweeper, far out to port, that she was fouled. We ran to starboard of her, signalling, receiving answers.

Other signals were sent out. A smudge on the horizon broadened out.

A destroyer was coming.

For this was no mine that had been caught in the sweep.

It was bigger fish this time, big enough to cause the messages to be sent out for a destroyer.

SWEEPERS kept going, slowly, look-outs were doubled. Down ran the destroyer in the wind, flashing signals, zigzagging.

The sweep was cut away.

The sweeper backed, then turned her bows to port and zigzagged, too. In ran the destroyer, full speed, and from her stern fell depth-charge after depth-charge. Round she swung again, repeating the dose until the sea was a turmoil of heaving foam and fountains of spray.

Great black pools spread over the waves. Suddenly a mass of débris came up, and a discharge of foul oil. And that was all. Another U-boat gone?

The minesweepers changed course, dropped their buoys, and headed for harbour, ordered to do so by the warship.

The last we saw of the destroyer she was still circling round, a terrier nosing above the badger's hideout.

Had a U-boat been sunk? I cannot tell you.

Nazi crews often send up débris and expel oil from their exhaust, to give the impression of a kill, while the U-boat seeks safety. But if this U-boat was not destroyed it must have been wounded badly, for nothing could wholly escape that avalanche of explosions.

Just another incident in the day's run!

Two dramas since the vessel steamed out of a northern port that morning.

All shipshape, decks trim, every man wearing his life-jacket, the commander on the bridge, and a rush of white foam at her forefoot. The leader of the minesweepers!

As her paddles threshed the water few people would have recognised her as a Clyde paddle-steamer that took holiday-makers last summer up and down the Firth.

She had a new dress of iron-grey paint from waterline to the tip of her funnel, a swivel gun was mounted where it could do lots of damage to mines and U-boats, and above her stern was fitted the sweeping gear.

There are minesweepers on the South Coast of Britain, and on the east from the Thames to Aberdeen and beyond, but when you come round to Stornoway and the western islands you meet a new kind.

WHOLE drifter crews have given up the fishing and have come to sweep.

They are sober men, quiet men, and you may be surprised to hear they are religious men. There is something of a religious revival surging over the islands these days. Nothing spectacular, but a deep something that has hold of the men who have fought the iron seas from their youth.

To sail with them is to feel that you are among men who know the sea too well to trust it. Steady-eyed men they are, with a peculiar air of efficiency and strength about them.

In danger they are never flustered.

On the edge of disaster they hold on without the flicker of an eyelid or the slackening of a finger's grip on a rope.

Winches at the stern began to turn again.

The great cigar-shaped monster, maybe 10 ft. in length, was slung over, and the hard steel cable was paid out slowly. The monster was the float, and below the float was the otter gear that controls the direction of the sweep.

Rattle went the winches until several hundreds of yards of cable disappeared over the stern, and away floated the kite to starboard in a gigantic semi-circle.

The steel cable was the knife intended to cut mines from their moorings.

Once cut they come up to the surface like black apples from a sunken crate, and whenever they are spotted the crew train the guns on them and the shooting is swift and accurate.

That is the theory.

It works often enough, but not always. We saw one mine bob up, roll in the trough, rise to the crest; and at once bullets drilled holes in it, and up it went in a flash and shattering explosion.

Another came up.

ONCE again the guns smashed death into it, but it did not explode. It just sank, punctured and harmless. So it went on for miles, until the end of the day.

Back in the saloon bar of an hotel on shore the minesweeping men gathered. Did they talk about the thrills of that day? Not a word. Our skipper sat at a table with his mate.

"Jimmy," he said quietly, "we'll have an hour to discuss that passage in the Gospel o' Saint Luke we disagreed upon yestreen. . . ."

Nothing can shake men of that type.

NEXT WEEK:

Stuart Martin takes you out in a fishing trawler that is attacked by a Nazi bomber, zigzagging to avoid bombs and machine-gun bullets in a desperate effort to escape destruction.

If the war goes East, he may well prove the most important general in either of the Allied Armies, says HANNEN SWAFFER

WEYGAND LIES IN WAIT!

TROOPS mass in the Near East. Turkey summons a Supreme War Council. The Australians, who we thought were meant for France, are encamped in Palestine.

Will the war spread? Do the Russians intend to attack Turkey? Will there be a German or a Soviet move in the Balkans?

Both Rumania and Greece have accepted Anglo-French guarantees. The Balkan nations are being forced by circumstances into closer agreement.

If the battle-line extends General Weygand will no doubt take command of the Allied troops.

A fortnight ago he left his headquarters in Syria for Cairo, where there was a massed Anglo-Egyptian parade in the desert, where he made a three-day inspection of our Forces, and where he had long consultations with our military chiefs.

Weygand is a Frenchman who was originally a Belgian. Born in Brussels, he went to the French military school at St. Cyr under a system by which Belgian officers could get training there. This was because France's safety depended on what Belgium did in war time.

Weygand took a command in the French cavalry, and before the Great War broke out had become chief instructor at the cavalry school at Saumur.

A staff general in the Great War, they soon called him "the man behind Foch."

"Where's my encyclopædia?" Foch used to say when he wanted Weygand.

Then they called him "Foch's natural complement."

NOW, in some quarters in France he is considered "Foch's spiritual heir."

I hope, in one way, that he never justifies the phrase, for soldiers only get these titles at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives. A general's name only goes down in history if he leads a vast campaign. That is usually costly for other people.

Foch's admiration for Weygand really cost him the proud distinction of becoming a Marshal of France. His staff work was so good that Foch kept him near him.

So Weygand never commanded French troops in France, although he always longed to do so. And only a man who has been commander-in-chief of the whole French forces during a war can gain the proudest distinction in the French Army.

He was too old to do it this time. For five years ago he reached the age limit of 68. So Gamelin succeeded him.

I suspect much of the boosting of soldiers that goes on.

"Not until the war between Poland and the Bolsheviks did Weygand have any chance of showing himself as a leader of men," I read the other day. "Then he showed genius by directing monster operations. In fact, the general view in higher French, German and British military circles is that his counter-stroke of August, 1920, was finer than any of the examples of generalship of the Great War.

He has shown less bad temper in a lifetime than many a sergeant-major shows in an hour . . . .

I heard none of that in Poland.

There they boasted how Pilsudski won "the eighteenth decisive battle of the world" outside Warsaw.

They told me that it was Pilsudski's plan, carried out by Smigly-Rydz. That is how Smigly-Rydz won his great reputation as "General Lightning," and all that sort of thing.

To-day, Smigly-Rydz is in hiding in Rumania. Rydz means mushroom.

The truth is that wars are won by the heroism of unknown men.

SINCE Weygand took part in Poland's war with the Soviets he has never had much opinion of Russian soldiers.

"They have numbers," he once said. "But numbers are things you have to examine. Ninety per cent. of Russia's officers are political. As to her troops, 90 per cent. of her reserves are peasants who are very uncertain politically."

"There might be a big surprise if ever the Red Army had to meet a well-trained, well-organised small army like that of the Swiss, fighting on their own soil," he added on another occasion.

That seems to have been justified by the fighting in Finland, where "a well-trained, well-organised small army" held the Russian hordes.

Weygand, sent East in 1923, was High Commissioner in Syria for two years. Then he was back in Paris as a member of the War Council. He halted disarmament in France to some extent in 1932 by threatening to resign if it went beyond a certain point.

His own views are best expressed in his phrase, "You can't be a statesman and a soldier," and he proved the limitation of his views in 1933.

"England cannot stop a war in Europe," he said. "Neither can France. Together they can guarantee the peace of Europe and do away with war altogether."

Actually, it was because they refused to allow Germany the rearmament to which she was entitled when European disarmament broke down that Nazidom was born, to make war certain.

Small, vivacious and quick in repartee, Weygand hasn't shown as much bad temper in a lifetime as many sergeant-majors can show in an hour. But Lloyd George made him angry when he described Foch as "a man who was alternately triumphant and downcast."

"It is the most inaccurate portrait that one can possibly paint of a man who was as resolute in adversity as he was modest in success," replied Weygand.

WHEN Weygand came to Britain last May with a party of French officers, it was stated that it was "*something of a courtesy visit.*"

His mission went back, with half-laid plans for the unity of action that became a bulwark, even before the war came, that no Hitler could destroy.

Weygand went home, rejoicing in the strength of Britain's forces, and reassured that British workers would be behind the men behind the guns. That was all-important to France.

If the war goes East, Weygand may well prove to be the most important general in either of the Allied armies.

For it will be in a field of battle where there should be swift movement, and where a swift decision is possible.

Playing Whose Game?

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

'ULLO, 'Enery! Long time since I seen you. Having a ride home, eh? . . . And how's things with you, me old china?

'Ain't nobody else on top to-night, 'Enery. You blinking drivers *has* to be lonely even in the rush hours, but, being only a conductor meself, I likes to have a chin-wag when I gets the chance. . . .

What's that you say? "*Perishing little news and too much talk!*" . . . You're telling me! I've had blokes on this ole bus ready to tell me exactly how they was going to win the war—(*or* lose it!)—and then leaving a portfolio on the seat with their names and addresses inside it, like as not!

But I don't hold with loosing off me mouth about the war. You and me was in the last war and I never sent much home except a field service card, not even to me mother-in-law, Heaven rest her! What I'd like to know, 'Enery, is how you are off for coal?

LANGWIDGE, 'Enery, langwidge! . . . I've been short meself, but the other day my ole woman went round to the bloke what we're registered with and she raised merry 'ell!

Next morning bright and early the coal man was a-knocking at our door with a sack of Derby Brights or something! Nobody doesn't stand a barrage from the old lady twice, not unless they *has* to—like I do sometimes, and I'm growing all grey-haired meself!

You say it "ain't cricket" for anybody to kick up a dust and get served out of his turn? . . . Too bloomin' true it ain't, matey, but my old woman never did play cricket. . . .

Fact is, 'Enery, she's what they calls a "realist." . . . She don't take much stock in all this 'ere "playing the game?" . . . "What game are they playing?" she says to me, "*and who's making the rules?*"

YOU tell me we have always had our sporting tradition? . . . I know we have, but, if you was fighting a tough with lumps of iron inside his gloves, would *you* hesitate, 'Enery, to kick him in the ribs if you had a chance? . . .

Now listen! I've got to talk abaht the war just for a minute. . . . Nothing secret about it, mind you; I wouldn't mind ole Doctor Goebbels or even Lord 'Aw-'Aw listening to every word. . . . All I want to say is: Does *any* sensible bloke think the Navy was wrong to yank them British prisoners off the "Altmark"?

This 'ere "playing the game's" all very well if both sides is playing it. But does Hitler play cricket? Does Goering worry about the rules? Does little ole Goebbels give two 'oots about blinking *ettyket*?

Besides, *who's* game would we have been playing if we had left that lot of three or four hundred British seamen to be carried off under our blinking noses to make a Nazi triumph in Berlin or 'Amburg?

And you wouldn't tell me, now would you, that we would have been playing our *own* game?

I know we are fighting to bring the rule of law back to the world again, 'Enery, but even a copper don't use kid gloves when he's in the middle of a rough-and-tumble with a gang of toughs. . . .

No, me ole pal, say what you like, this here "playing the game" can be overdone. . . . Picking up drowning German pilots and bombers is one thing; letting them dam' Nazis plot their murders behind a neutral fence *and* carry 'em out with a grin all over their faces, is quite another.

I'M all rules, 'Enery, just the same as what you are, but I like them to cut both ways.

If they don't, I'm for keeping the ones you can keep, but to 'ell with the others.

As for the neutrals, poor chaps, they're just like blinking relatives in a family dust up; they don't *want* to butt in, but, if they happen to get in the way, they're almost bound to cop it from one side or the other!

"John Bull" shows you war time Britain through the looking-glass of inquiry, reflecting again the truth of what is happening to those maintaining the Home Front.

This week another vital problem is brought into the open. Talking to landlords and tenants, all hard-hit in some way by war time conditions, our Special Investigator this week exposes the . . .

Landlords and tenants must drop their age-old stone-throwing contest. They must now get together

CHAOS behind the RENT BOOK

IMAGINE yourself to be a County Court judge. From somewhere in the body of the court a solicitor begins to ask you for possession of somebody's home—*a soldier's home.*

Because you are human, it puts your back up at once.

"Arrears of £23," chants the solicitor. "No effort to pay."

You take no notice of the second observation. "What are the man's means?" you ask coldly, dispassionately.

The solicitor explains.

The tenant was a carpenter, earning £4 a week. He contracted to pay 15s. a week rent for this house. He paid regularly and promptly until the war.

He joined a Home Service unit. He is forty-eight. His income now, including allowances for his wife and three children, is £1 16s. a week.

You do a sum.

"That means that if she pays the rent his wife leaves herself a mere guinea a week for food, clothes, fuel and lighting for four people," you explain.

"Exactly," says the solicitor.

WELL, *you* are the County Court judge. What would you do?

You would turn them out?

If that is your judgment, we want you to remember it

You will see that the Government, by its stupendous mishandling of the war rents problem, has made it almost impossible for a soldier's wife with three young children to get other accommodation.

Before going any further, let us complete the story—a true story, although it hasn't come to court.

The landlord of that house is a naval rating called up as a reservist at the outbreak of war. A letter he posted at Malta to the Property Owners' Protection Association doesn't explain how he acquired the house, but that is no concern of ours.

The law has protected the soldier-tenant of the house, but it offers no protection to the sailor-owner.

He pleaded with the people who make him pay taxes on the property that as a serving sailor he wanted exemption.

They told him that, sailor or no sailor, he was the landlord, not the tenant.

He asked the local authority to excuse him paying rates, but it couldn't be done.

War legislation is to protect the tenant and not the landlord.

RATES, taxes, repairs and so on are pretty well eating up that man's humble earnings. He can't afford to drink and smoke like his shipmates because he owns a house.

Because it is so easy to buy a small house now, and ownership of property is naturally no excuse for exemption from national service, there are tens of thousands of men in that same cruel predicament.

You are now a harassed County Court judge.

County Court judges are all worried right now.

You are probably wondering what to do.

We'll tell you.

So far as war rents are concerned, the Government has got to substitute a Plan for Muddle.

We know all about wicked landlords.

We can tell you of a firm owning hundreds of houses that is wresting possession from soldiers' wives on the least excuse.

Yet there is no hope of letting the houses when they've got them.

They'd rather let them rot than show soldiers' wives a little consideration.

We know of tenants earning just as much as when war broke out, yet they are cheating even soldier-landlords out of rent.

County Court judges, the warmest-hearted officials in the land, will deal adequately with these grab-alls.

Good landlords and good tenants must realise that their interests have become pretty well identical.

UNLESS they do, the Government will do nothing to help either. Soldiers will come back from the front, sailors from the sea, owing hundreds of pounds for rent. Landlords will be ruined because they own property.

Landlords of hundreds of thousands of flats and houses in this country have been asked by the tenants whether they could make some reduction in the rent.

They have gone along to the various authorities to ask whether, if they accede, they would get proportionate relief as far as rates, ground rents, mortgage interest and other standing charges are concerned.

Firmly and flatly they have been told "No!"

The new rents they have been asked to accept have been less than the total of these standing charges.

So landlords have turned to tenants and repeated, "No!"

The old stone-throwing campaign has gone on.

HIDDEN away in the background, unnamed, unrecognised, are the people who are refusing to make one ha'penny concession to help the millions hard-hit by war.

Many of the men fighting the country's battles have fancied they have seen a way out of all the rent difficulties.

They have written home to their wives suggesting they should try to find smaller places.

A smaller place? A cheaper place? What hopes!

All over the country there are houses for which the landlords would be pleased to take half the economic rent for the war period, even if they lost money on the property.

Some haven't dared take the risk because they know that the income-tax people will still insist on a full 7s. 6d. in the £, whether the soldier's wife can afford to pay the full rent or not.

Others have found that to offer a reduced rent for the period of the war is an "illegal act."

As example, a firm which recently completed some £250-a-year houses sought to let them temporarily at 30s. a week.

It was pointed out that legislation had been provided to control property until such legislation was rescinded, and that to bring such control to an end at an earlier date (*i.e.*, when the war ends) is "contracting outside an Act of Parliament," which is illegal.

Thousands of landlords have found that in a wide variety of circumstances the acceptance of lower rents now would mean that they would have to accept the same lower rents until war time rent protection was brought to an end, which might be in twenty-five years' time.

We welcome rigid control of rents in war time. We have always thought that far too much of the average man's wage-packet goes in rent.

BUT when control of rents is used to prevent a soldier's wife from getting a smaller place or a war time bargain, we think it is a case of bureaucracy gone stark, raving mad.

Denied rents that they can afford, scores of thousands of soldiers' families have gone to live with friends and relatives.

Local authorities, afraid to lose pennies in rates, lose pounds instead. Landlords see their houses rotting, their incomes gone.

Soldiers', sailors' and airmen's wives find themselves dragged to court by housing committees, landlord syndicates and private landlords alike.

The Government can end this chaos behind the rent-book whenever it likes by framing a workable Plan which, dealing fairly alike with that sailor-landlord and the soldier who is his tenant, will give simple justice to millions of others as well.

If it *doesn't* like, tenants and landlords should co-operate to compel it.

We know well that the Military Service (Special Allowances) Advisory Committee is empowered to grant up to £2 a week for rent, as well as other allowances received from Service departments.

We would also point out that this help is often chronically cheeseparing.

We can show cases where help has been refused, although the need has been desperate.

"BETTER THAN BEFORE"

WE will come out of this Dark Experience better than before, the World will not be ruined because of this Monstrous War; things may be very different, well, they could stand to that and gain, but the New Age will Arise and Live, born of this Span of Pain. And the Vast Fields of The Future, so fresh, and green, and new, will await the Ploughs of Peace under God's skies of Blue.

THE World will not be bankrupt, though Life will change its Shape, and from the Long Arm of Consequence no Nation will escape, for Right Things have their sequence, and Wrong Things their crowning stroke, and each Nation by their Actions will mould their Future Yoke. But those who've fought for Freedom, will Liberty Extend, across the New Found Landscapes where each Nation will mean Friend.

AND so to the Bright To-morrow which now rests in God's Hands, where men will build and reconstruct the Dream in Hope's Commands. Where Science will be lifted into a Sacred Reign to pour her secrets on the earth, so Humanity may obtain a World of Splendid Cities built for Mankind to share, a World whose Corner-stones are Faith, whose Citadels are Prayer. And so let us remember that through all these Days of War, we're Building up a World that WILL BE BETTER THAN BEFORE.

J.M.

Grin and Bear It!

Ain't NO SUCH PEOPLE!

by Oliver Plush

NOWADAYS we see a lot in the newspapers about Diplomatic Relations. Actually, there are no such people.

Mid-day Chew-Chew

One of those beamish gossip boys who always seems to be eating in three places at once let himself get all lyrical in praise of the Public Interest Committee's weekly luncheon, at which celebrities address the multitude at the festive board

"Last week's audience," he gurgles, "were so enraptured by the talk that their food was quite forgotten."

So thrilled were they, they could not eat,
But hung on every line.
They passed the fish, they passed the meat,
They even passed the wine.
But though they ate less than they ought,
Their conduct's understood,
For all received such food for thought,
None had a thought for food.

My Prophetic Soul

Joe Louis tried to explain the poor show he put up in his last fight by saying that he was afraid of hurting his hands.

Excuses like that are bound to fall flat,
For, frankly, they're nothing but hooey;
And I've got a good hunch that if Joe docsn't punch
He's destined to meet Waterlouis.

It Pays to Advertise

MR. GILBERT HAIR, Governor of Lewes Jail, has been lamenting that there are not enough prisoners to keep the place going. Well, why the —— don't the authorities try advertising?

I offer them the following superb piece.

LOVELY LEWES CALLS YOU.

Come to Lewes for the Skilly Season. The management of one of His Majesty's guest-houses, standing in its own spacious grounds, extends a hearty welcome to YOU. Every guest is guaranteed personal supervision throughout his stay, while clothing, food and light are provided FREE.

Here, in the heart of sunny Sussex, is to be obtained the pick of the oakum, and many experts declare that even the St. Neots Quads are not to be compared with the quod at Lewes.

Our own Black Marias bring new arrivals from the station; lock-ups are provided for every guest, and a feature of the establishment are the bars which are to be found on every floor. Cells are so roomy that there is every opportunity for guests to do a long stretch in them.

Terms arranged in one sentence. Telegraphic Address: LAGHOLME, SUSSEX.

Interview with a 'Flue Germ

To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Germ?

Well, without boasting, I may say persistency has a lot to do with it, although the weather has been . . .

I'm afraid we cannot quote you on that point. The Minister of Information would object.

Oh, all right, all right. What's the next question?

Under what sort of conditions do you do your best work?

Well, I find I have the most success about this time of the year. You see, when the temperature is——

PLEASE, Mr. Germ!

Aw, nuts!

How do you account for your universal unpopularity?

Well, I'm always getting up people's noses, and many are so scared of me, I give them the shivers. Naturally, when the thermometer is . . .

Mr. Germ, I beg of you——!

Phooey!

Why do you conduct your campaign on blitzkrieg lines?

You'd hardly expect me to herald my approach with my signature tune, would you?

Will you tell our readers what your signature tune is?

"Sneeze up, Mother Brown," of course. Every half-baked streptococcus knows *that*! Naturally, I have more success when, as now, the prevailing wind is in the . . .

You really must be careful, sir!

Look here, I've had enough of this! Who's this Minister of Information, anyway?

Sir Walter Monckton is responsible for the regulations governing——

Good enough! Can't talk to you any more now—I've an urgent appointment at the Ministry of Information. I'll shiver his timbers for him. Good morning.

OLD BILL

by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Just think if only you and I was Gort and Ironside! There'd be none of this foot sloggin, they'd send a lorry for us"

Comfort Corner

Those Field Service postcards issued to troops at the Front are popular with the boys. All they have to do is to cross out the lines of print that don't apply, add their signature, and the job is done.

Why can't the Postmaster-General issue similar cards for the Home Front?

Something like the following (Patent applied for) would come as a boon and a blessing to one and all in these days:

Honoured Sir,
Grasping Churl,
Bloodsucking Villain,
In reply to your idiotic (optimistic) letter, I beg to (outrageous) inform you that it is quite impossible for me to settle your account
this year,
next year,
some time,
ever.
I am,
I am not Yours faithfully,
Signature ..... 1940.

CROSS OUT WORDS WHICH DO NOT APPLY.

As Our Allies See It!

"Why should we go to Sweden?"

"To get the Nobel Peace Prize for the Fuhrer."

La Lumiere.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Marianne, Paris.

Repatriation of German Nationals.

"We are being chased off like cattle."

"Not at all. If you were cattle, we should keep you."

Marianne, Paris.

Born as an idea in the combined minds of Britain's Big-Ten-of-the-Air, the warplane passes from drawing-board to Test Pilot, maturing slowly in such secrecy that it is not even given a name until the prototype is wheeled on to the tarmac

SECRET LIFE of a WARPLANE

The latest warplane goes up for its first test. No longer a secret, it is yet another challenge for the curious eyes of enemy secret service agents

APPARENTLY ten heads are better than one when it comes to making a warplane.

You couldn't have better proof of this than the Big Ten of Britain's All-High Air Council. For it is their combined knowledge of aircraft, now amplified by reports of actual fighting in the air with modern planes, that has given Britain complete air supremacy.

Their long-range minds are marvellously competent at guessing what the other fellow is likely to do. And they are not above putting some revolutionary ideas on to the Air Ministry drawing boards to prove their far-sightedness.

They are the men who create the idea that starts the secret life of the warplane.

With nothing more than reports from flying men all over the world to guide them, they have created aircraft that have proved triumphant.

They have decided that our future air policy should incline towards smaller bombers and larger interceptor machines.

From analysis of raids on Finland and Britain they found that 60 per cent. of bombers taking part were destroyed. They proved easy targets for anti-aircraft gunners, exciting prey for interceptors.

Obviously the best safeguard for a bomber was speed.

SO instead of the heavily armed "flying fortresses" that were outlined by experts years ago in imaginary descriptions of war in the air, Britain is to have light, fast-climbing bombers that will give the anti-aircraft gunners a run for their money and be on equal flying terms with many fighter-aircraft.

Instead of smaller "midge" fighters we are going to have fighters as big as many bombers, because such heavily armed fighters as the 8-gun Spitfires and Hurricanes can only carry ammunition for less than *one minute's* continuous fire.

Thus the Big Ten continue to be one jump ahead of any rivals.

They are still making changes in design, still giving their draughtsmen something to think about, still giving life to secret fighters.

Two years ago they could have told you just what Hitler would be using in the air in 1940, and they planned their designs accordingly. And it is their close co-operation with the men with the drawing boards that makes British aircraft so invincible.

That is why Sir Kingsley Wood said: "Wars are also won on the drawing-boards of the design rooms."

The germ of these ideas and the policy behind them originate in the combined mind of the Big Ten, who are headed by the Air Minister and include such active Air Chiefs as Chief of Staff Sir Cyril Newall.

The secret life of a warplane begins when the Big Ten decide what type is needed. Aircraft factories are then asked to supply the need.

Brains and pencils get busy on drawing boards in the most secret of all departments of the factories, the design rooms, sacrosant to all except directors, designers and Air Ministry Officials.

From the birth of an idea a year, even two years, may elapse before perfection is reached and the prototype produced. This first-of-its-kind is then flown by the test pilot, and normally half its secret life is ended.

After the first flight, a general exterior description of the machine can be given, but performance, armament and further important details must still remain secrets until it has gone for engine, gunnery and other tests. Probably another six months will elapse.

The Spitfire's secret and semi-secret life lasted from the day it went into design to the time it entered the general productive stage two and a half years later.

Even so, espionage agents on either side are not sleeping in this hush-hush game, and Wise Authority reckons that no secret lives longer than a year. It is safest to think the worst; to credit the other side with being "in the know" after that time.

Britain's latest named fighter (there are others too new to be named), the two-seater Boulton Paul "Defiant" with its novel amidship gun turret and battery of guns, passed on to the semi-secret list last May, when it made a surprise appearance at Northolt, before M.P. visitors.

Its general exterior could be described, photographs were taken and published with the still secret gun turret blacked out.

A spy must have been at work, because an identical photograph was published in Germany recently revealing the gun turret.

No doubt the British Air Ministry could publish others showing some of the enemy's closest secrets!

Hitler's two air "surprises" (his engine fuel-injection system that dispenses with a carburetter, minimising danger from icing, and his self-sealing petrol tank, already conquered by our counter-measures) were both known to Britain's Big Ten many months ago.

ALTHOUGH the new fuel system was on exhibition in Paris before the war, no engines embodying it were exported from Germany.

It was employed in a Heinkel recently shot down over the East Coast.

Within a few hours the engine was on the bench at the Rolls Royce factory, tried out and examined in the minutest detail.

To prevent such secrets being revealed both sides are holding back their latest aircraft till intensive air war comes, yet the Big Ten know what Hitler will be sending over.

The R.A.F.'s Defiant fighter, with the power-driven turret that Hitler is making breathless efforts to copy, will be matched against the Focke-Wulf Fw 198 with cannon and machine-guns and a reputed top speed of 400 m.p.h.

Britain's latest named reconnaissance bomber, the Beaufort, with its two Bristol Taurus 1,035 h.p. engines, will have as its opposite number the reconnaissance-bomber Dornier 29, with two cannon and four machine-guns.

Secrets of at least two other Nazi bombers are known. One is a slow, long-range, four-engined seaplane with a 20-bomb load; the other, the 315 m.p.h. Twin-engined JU 88 which the experts expect to appear in considerable numbers in any full-scale attack.

There are others, fighters and bombers, on both sides that will be in the "line up," but there is nothing in that future picture that couldn't be visualised two years ago when the "surprises" of to-day first went on the drawing boards of the design rooms where "the war is also being won."

Mental Gymnastics

THE B.B.C. invites us all to do "physical jerks" for ten minutes every morning at 7.35, and presumably many thousands of people accept the invitation. Up and down the country, people of every kind, young and old, are hard at it every morning trying to improve their physical fitness.

It's all most praiseworthy.

A healthy body is a possession without price. The B.B.C.'s early morning devotees are wise people.

★

Yet few of these people give the equivalent of that ten minutes to the same conscious endeavour to achieve mental fitness. It is difficult to find anybody at all who devotes any time to mental exercises.

But there's no real difference.

If you can only achieve a healthy body by exercise, you can only achieve a healthy mind in the same way. We do one, but don't bother about the other.

★

That isn't sense.

You can't exercise the mind to tuneful gramophone records. You can't do it co-operatively. It's a duller job altogether, but it's more important than physical exercise.

What should we do? Possibilities are numberless.

Learn a few lines of poetry off by heart each day; you will train your memory, your power of concentration, your ability to make an effort.

In addition your reward will be a storehouse of great thoughts.

The Human Machine

Read each day a few pages of some serious book, something that makes you think, by someone who challenges your knowledge and your powers of argument.

Do something *every day* that could just as easily be done tomorrow.

There's always something.

Find it, and do it.

This will train your will power, your power of decision, your ability to deal with problems as they arrive.

★

You can find lots of other exercises for yourself, and mental gymnastics are not really so dull after all.

Give yourself only fifteen minutes of them a day, and in six months you'll hardly know yourself!

Sir Nevile HENDERSON—
the TRUTH at LAST

IN the mellow September sunshine, the cliffs of England gleamed with welcome. The little party at the rails of the Dutch steamer could hardly suppress a cheer.

They were returning home after two years of anxious toil in an alien land—two years that had culminated in weeks of mental strain such as few men had ever been called upon to face.

Only the gravity of their leader, a tall, moustached Englishman, restrained their exuberance. . . .

They were the staff of the British Embassy at Berlin, returning to Britain a few days after the outbreak of war.

Their leader stood a little apart from them, and stared impassively at the coast-line. He was Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador at Berlin since 1937.

FOR two years he had been the only British voice to reach Hitler without preliminary distortion by dwarfish Goebbels or silly-clever Ribbentrop.

For two years, as the representative of the British Government, he had striven to find a way to Anglo-German accord.

Now, his mission "shipwrecked," as he himself has phrased it, he was coming home to make a last report to the Cabinet.

You may be sure that through his mind was running a fantastic pageant of the events of his two years behind the scenes of the Nazi Kaiser's capital.

The mediæval magnificence of the Party Rally at Nuremberg—and what the Fuehrer there explained to him about his plans for Europe. . . .

That meeting in Berlin when Hitler had raved so alarmingly that he had had to be bluntly rebuked. . .

The way Ribbentrop, the Man Who Wanted War, had whispered poison into his master's ear after Prague had been seized. . . .

The marriage of Field-Marshal von Blomberg to a young woman who, according to Himmler, was known to the Gestapo as more attractive than moral. . . .

And, finally, those terrible, crowded days when Europe was rushing headlong to war. . . .

What a tale to tell the world—if only it could be told!

"If only it could be told." In the six months that have passed since Sir Nevile Henderson returned, decisions have been taken which mean that his story is going to be given to the world.

ALTHOUGH he is a diplomat in the service of the British Government, and the first rule a diplomatist must obey is, normally, never write for publication anything about his work, he has been given special permission to tell the world the whole background of his mission to Berlin.

People are going to hear the truth about the brainstorms of Hitler from a man who has seen them; about the inner thoughts of Goering from a man they were revealed to; about the machinations of Ribbentrop from the man who suffered under them.

JOHN BULL welcomes the news that Sir Nevile Henderson is going to make a full report to the people.

This is a people's war, endorsed by the vast majority with a unanimity that has seldom before been witnessed in this country.

It is right that the people should know not only the outward shape of things against which they are fighting, but the inner secrets, too.

We have frequently criticised the secret diplomacy of the past, the system under which the fate of a nation can be decided not by the nation's voice, but by the suave whispers of diplomats at embassy receptions.

Sir Nevile's decision is a good beginning in the march towards more open methods.

We welcome it, too, because the work will serve to correct many misunderstandings that have arisen concerning Anglo-German relations since the rise of Hitler.

In the absence of the full facts, for instance, many stories have been circulated about the meetings between the Prime Minister and the Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden, Godesberg and Munich.

Sir Nevile Henderson was present at those historic encounters. He arranged them.

HIS book will tell the full story of what passed at them. It will report in detail to the millions whose futures were then being decided, exactly what Hitler demanded of Chamberlain, and what Chamberlain offered in return.

That is as it should be. Secrecy breeds mistrust, destroys confidence.

To tell the whole truth fearlessly, even when it is unpalatable, is always the best policy in the long run.

We congratulate Sir Nevile Henderson for pursuing that policy.

We congratulate also the newspaper that will be privileged to publish his historic narrative.

That newspaper is the "DAILY HERALD."

The great newspaper of the people is to give to the people the truth that the people are entitled to know.

JOHN BULL has already ordered his copy in advance.

Laughter is an essential part of our Christianity

You Can Laugh and be Good!

I HAVE been intrigued by a letter from a young woman who is deaf; intrigued not only because of her affliction, but also because of the question she asks.

I am always sorry for deaf people.

They receive little sympathy compared with blind people. Yet they are equally as unfortunate. Deafness means such a lonely life.

Deaf people miss the conversation of others, and because they are unable to enter into the life of the community they are left to themselves.

Many of them overcome this handicap magnificently, but we must never forget that because their affliction makes them feel out of it we ought to be patient and try to help them.

This girl correspondent is particularly brave.

"Why do so many people think that God is a spoil-sport, and that religious people give the impression that dulness and sour faces are a part of the religious life?" she asks.

HER study of the life of Christ gave her the opposite impression.

She was right.

Because Jesus entered into the sorrows of others, we have been inclined to look on Him only as "the Man of Sorrows."

Even though it is grand to know He can enter into our griefs and understand them, this was not His outlook on life.

See how often He says to His disciples, "Be of good cheer." Cheer up. You will have troubles to face, but don't worry about that. You're on the winning side and I will carry you through.

The Church has got away from this too often.

Not only have Christians with long faces lived joyless lives, but also even services in church are dull and lifeless.

I always admire the gladness the Salvation Army gets in the use of Hallelujahs and brass bands.

We have some glorious songs of praise in the Church of England, but they are often sung so monotonously that they almost contradict the words.

It's all wrong.

Yet we have no right to be dull and monotonous in services. So many Churches are quite shocked by humour.

This is because people can't see Christ's sense of humour.

I am sure Jesus said many things with a twinkle in His eye. No one could have given some of His exaggerated illustrations without it; for instance, the comparison between the two men, one with a small splinter in his eye, the other with an enormous beam of wood.

There are many such instances. Still greater is the evidence of the way He attracted children.

NO one can sum up people better than children, and they evidently flocked round Him. They wouldn't have done that if He had appeared as a man of sorrow. They understood Him and I am sure laughed with Him at some of His jokes.

He watched their games and enjoyed them. We must not forget that He was quite a young man.

I am sure, too, that He was "very quick on the uptake," and a wonderful story-teller, original and apt in His illustrations.

He was no spoil-sport and we have no right to be.

He said that He came that we might have life full and radiant; that if we followed Him we should find it true.

He even faced the Cross with joy because He knew it was going to help and save people.

Happiness, courage, good humour, self-discipline and attractiveness, all these are seen in Him. They ought to be seen in those trying to follow Him. They are the things that give us fulness of life.

And the more we follow out these things the more use we shall be to Him and our fellow-men.

Another Fireside Talk by the Rev. Pat McCormick

Army Muddle Must Cease

COMMANDING officers in the Army are still being sacked and replaced by men of greater experience. Criticism of this move does not abate. Yet JOHN BULL criticises the critics, praises the War Office. War has gone to the heads of many peace time officers. They fail to understand that their efficiency depends on their handling of men.

Hence the complaints about Army conditions, hence the great scandal when it was found that soldiers lacked adequate clothing though ample supplies were available.

The worst grievances have been remedied, but "John Bull's" postbag proves that a few more commanding officers must be censured or removed.

Soldiers in Kent are billeted in derelict houses without water supplies or sanitation.

Men in some units are not allowed to use the knitted "comforts" presented to them by civilians, yet the War Office rightly appeals to Britain's women to provide still more of these gifts.

Food in some camps is meagre and indifferent; in others, there is lavish waste.

Although hardships are inevitable in war time, none of these particular evils is necessary, each would quickly be ended by officers possessing organising ability and broad judgment.

JOHN BULL commends these examples to the attention of High Authority, but there are others for which Authority itself is responsible.

Soldiers left with a few shillings a week, after making allotments to dependents, should not have to provide their own boot polish and material for cleaning equipment.

Men enlisting are told to bring their civilian great-coats to barracks. Yet they have to pay for their clothing to be sent back home if it weighs more than fifteen pounds.

Following the radio appeal for motor-drivers, many men joined the R.A.S.C. on the assumption that they would get 3s. 6d. a day after the preliminary infantry training.

Now they find that pay is the ordinary 2s. a day.

That misunderstanding (and many others) should be cleared at once.

Morale depends on method; the War Office will please the Army and the public if it boldly amends those methods that have proved unsatisfactory.

Mr. Raymond Evershed, K.C., chairman of the Central Price Regulation Committee, is the Profiteer's Enemy No. 1

Don't Shoot the PROFITEER!

The facts show he is not always the villain of the piece

More bogies have been mown down in the hunt for profiteers than in any other campaign in the war.

There *are* profiteers, of course.

But vast numbers of tradesmen have been unfairly suspected.

Nationwide investigations by Price Regulation Committees have shown how easy it is to think the worst when actually price increases are often justified.

They have produced another good result—friendly co-operation between the public and the shopkeepers.

That is what will now make it impossible for the unscrupulous racketeer to raise his head.

IT took a war to produce a piece of legislation that could function properly without being aided and abetted by a horde of inspectors.

The Price of Goods Act, 1939, as it is called with needless ferocity, came into being primarily to check the vicious spiral of rising prices, which leads to currency inflation and national bankruptcy.

Its second job is to protect the shopping basket, to fight the profiteer, small, medium and large.

There was a time when an Act with a title like that, and with such lofty aims, would have meant jobs for hosts of officials, all running around spitting on their hands and making life miserable.

It is pleasant to report that with only the good will and co-operation of traders and public and the hard work of the ordinary citizens who are administering the Act, Britain has already stamped out profiteering more completely than we did in three years of the last war.

There is still some more work to be done.

There are still housewives ruefully paying monstrous overcharge for pots and pans, for blankets, for little Johnny's gumboots or some other necessity.

But because we can all help to make the task more complete, it is worth while telling the story of this pleasant miracle.

The strong arm of the Act are the seventeen Regional Committees for Price Regulation, covering the whole of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The areas in which they work are roughly the same as the Civil Defence districts.

There are between 12 and 20 members on each committee.

FOR fairness each is composed of one-third of local traders, one-third consumers' representatives and the other third "independent," which may mean such professional people as doctors, lawyers, and architects.

Because figures and points of law are continually cropping up, each committee has an accountant and a lawyer.

A fine example is the North Western Region, which, from its headquarters in Manchester, covers Lancashire, Cheshire, Cumberland and Westmorland.

Among the people on this committee are a retired bank manager of a market town, the chairman of a great textile firm, a chain store accountant, a woman J.P., a local trade union leader, an ex-county court judge, a doctor, and a housewife, who is also President of the Women's Co-operative Guild.

There is sufficient knowledge and ability on such a Committee to tackle any price problem.

Their "brief," their Bible, or what you like, is the main clause in the Act forbidding a trader from making a greater net profit on the listed goods than he received on August 21, 1939. Furthermore, the trader is not allowed to exceed the "basic prices" then existing (they are set down in the Act) except when he can justify such increases by changed conditions.

A Newcastle woman writes to her local committee saying that a certain store is charging her 22s. 6d. for a boy's raincoat. According to the Cash Price List attached to the Act the maximum price of such an article is 17s. 6d.

Before the war she paid less at this store.

A member of the committee visits the store to ask for an explanation. He is armed with plenary powers (under the Act) to see books and trading accounts. From the retailer he can go to the wholesaler, then to the manufacturer.

The man who sold the raincoat explains that he was out of this line of goods because of the bad weather rush. They were ordered from a manufacturer who had to pay more than pre-war for raw materials, and the goods were *delivered by road* to satisfy demands.

So there were two extra lots of transport charges to pay as well as a primary increase on the normal price.

This example is given, not only to show how carefully a customer's complaint is investigated, but also how the trader's interests are protected.

The fair trader has nothing at all to fear from these committees. Frivolous complaints of profiteering have no chance at all.

Outside food profiteering, which is the province of a separate price-watching organisation at the Ministry of Food, it is remarkable how few prosecutions have been necessary. There are hundreds of articles listed under the Act, but you can number the profiteering prosecutions so far on the fingers of one hand.

Everybody is invited to write to the nearest Regional Price Committee (the local post office assistant has the address) giving details of a price complaint.

THE Chairman of the London Committee gave JOHN BULL an instance of how the power of the Act is already appreciated by many people.

A woman went into a local store to buy a dress length. The price was so-and-so.

"Oh, that is a lot more than the price at August 21, 1939," she said. "I want to see the manager."

The manager came.

He might have been able to justify the increase. But the mention of a complaint to the Regional Committee was enough.

"Have it at the August 21 price then," he said.

The power of these committees may be a form of dictatorship, but it is worth while, because it is by the people and for the people.

Here are the Answers

Civil Aviation Grounded

WHAT is happening to British commercial aviation?

BEFORE the war it ranked as a major national industry—an essential part of our overseas trade and prestige. Britain had services to the East and the Antipodes, Africa and America.

Shortsightedness has almost wrecked it.

Two Empire flying boats have been taken by the State, three of the big Golden Hind class have been commandeered, land-plane services to India are down to one a week, covered by aged craft, communication between America and the West Indies has ceased, and "round-the-world" pilots have been drafted into R.A.F. "ferry pools," shunting warplanes between factory and air stations.

WHAT is wrong with the legal representation rights for applicants appealing against compulsory military service?

A CONSCIENTIOUS objector whose attitude and arguments should be transparently clear if he is genuine has the right to engage a lawyer to present his case.

An applicant before a Hardship Committee, a student finishing a professional examination, a young husband, a young man who is the sole support of a widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters, cannot engage a lawyer to plead his case against *postponement* of his calling-up.

WHAT is meant when politicians and economists refer to Gold Reserves?

ALTHOUGH it would seem that nations merely pull gold out of the earth at great cost only to hide it again in bank vaults, Gold Reserves is not a mere handle, used indiscriminately by economists.

Reserve for payments abroad, or a potential cover for currency at home, Gold Reserves are the amounts in gold held in central banks.

The Bank of England was holding £600,000,000 in gold at the beginning of the war, France more than £400,000,000, and the United States Federal Reserve Banks had more than £3,000,000,000 in gold.

Although the Reichsbank return for last year showed that Germany had virtually no gold, experts estimate that Nazis have nearly £40,000,000 in the vaults.

WHAT are the Redcap's duties in this war?

IN this war officers and other ranks are concerned with the maintenance of "off duty" discipline and the prevention of crime among the Armed Forces.

Intelligence and contra-espionage in France is now the job of the Field Security Police, separately recruited.

Yet ex-civil police officers have been engaged for what is strictly a job for the trained military intelligence officer, the interrogation of German prisoners.

Many "Yard" Special Branch men have gone to France for this work, each being given the rank of captain.

WHY is it that foreign torch batteries are as much as 100 per cent. more expensive than British batteries, when these are obtainable?

FREIGHTS are up as much as 25 per cent.; war insurance 25 per cent.; and the £1 is worth less abroad with certain currencies.

Some ingredients of batteries come from the British Empire, and we sell them abroad to get foreign currency, even at the risk of depriving our own manufacturers of full supplies.

With lighter nights British stocks will be increased, and there will be batteries for everyone.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS PAGE

Netting £30,000, this

Dimpled Rogue Robs Women

Below you see dimpled Dick Dicketts, international swindler who has sampled foreign jails, fleeced the public of £30,000 in a few months, swaggered his way through society under twenty different names, and is a past master in the art of duping women.

DIMPLE-CHINNED Richard Arthur Dicketts must often sing to himself that childish lullaby about

"Dimple in your cheek, your living jar to seek,
Dimple in your chin, your living's coming in."

For he does pretty well.

To get away with £30,000 in a few months is good going even for an accomplished criminal.

Yet he has had plenty of experience. For twenty years he has been fleecing the public and he has used at least twenty-five aliases.

Still, he made a fine haul from the office he rented in Birmingham only a few months ago.

Posing as "R. Dickens," he created a great impression.

He patronised the best hotels, mingled with prominent local men and women, including people with titles, and made such good use of his ability to speak many languages and his stories of world travel that it was not difficult for him to leave one Midlands man £4,000 the poorer.

He obtained the greater part of the £30,000 in investments for a worthless company.

He is a tall man, has prominent ears, a habit of twitching his eyes when spinning a good yarn, a slightly Eastern cast to his face, well-cut clothes, a charming personality and a most plausible manner.

But there is every reason why you shouldn't believe him even though "Captain George Washington" is an alias to which he is devoted.

Other names to which he clings are "Dudley Warren," "Major R. M. Carberry," "Colonel Woodhouse," "Captain A. Wentworth," and "Arthur Mills."

He has successfully posed as "personality manager" of a big company, European manager of a famous film corporation, a naval officer, an Army man, a ranch owner, a theatrical manager, a motoring ace, and a flying man with many crashes to his credit!

He even set himself up as a master of foxhounds at Market Harborough and swindled many hunting families.

After he had swindled a Southend man of all his savings he ran away with his victim's sixteen-year-old daughter and persuaded her to marry him.

She was still in her 'teens when she eventually secured a divorce through her father because her husband had deserted her.

This six-foot gay Lothario has been in prison in Britain, France and Austria.

"Commander" on the Run

ROBERT HENRY LITTLER, who until recently could be found in Gloucester Terrace, Paddington, London, W., must have difficulty in remembering what he is supposed to be from day to day.

He can never be sure whether he is to be the son of a titled man, or an engineer; a lieutenant-commander, R.N., or a retired "D.S.O."; a medical practitioner or the head of a medical syndicate.

But *you* can be sure that he is a dangerous rogue, with a criminal history that goes back twenty years.

He has been on the police records for that length of time, and he has been inside many prisons for fraud, false pretences and bigamy.

The majority of his dupes are women. He proposes marriage as frequently as he changes his profession, but he always deserts the bride-to-be when he has borrowed enough money to make the "job" worth while.

Posing as a big business man, he also advertises for apprentices for the electrical trade, "cultivates" widows with young sons who answer, and vanishes with all he can get.

But you can say this for him. He dropped his alias of Goring when he realised that Hermann, the Nazi, outclassed him as rogue.

Very Nice—Perhaps

SMALL manufacturers should guard against such war contract touts as a person who has just floated a company in New Broad Street, London, E.C.2.

Sole director, the individual concerned pretends that he can obtain Government contracts for private firms at a commission of 5 per cent.

And very nice, too!

But I doubt whether this promoter and his £2 company can influence contracts.

War contract touts are becoming so troublesome that Colonel Llewellyn, of the Ministry of Supply, has issued a special warning.

"The wrong people to go to," said the Colonel, "are those who represent that they have some means of influencing the placing of orders."

Fairy "Friend"

AS a fairy godmother, Mrs. Esther Qua, of Glen Doon, Warwick-road, Ashford, Middlesex, is a disappointment.

She is the wife of a hotel porter, and has some bright ideas.

"I am enclosing a lonely soldier's name," she writes in unsolicited letters to "lonely women." "I hope the correspondence will give you both many happy hours and that the friendship will last many years."

She adds a footnote explaining that as she has "dealt with thousands of letters, a donation, however small, would be appreciated."

Although Esther may be inspired by the best of intentions, such an organisation as this can prove to be very dangerous.

QUACK!

I HAVE frequently been forced to expose the so-called faith healing of Tom Campbell, the ex-plasterer, of no fixed abode, who professes to be the "man with healing hands."

Among the most dangerous impostors I have ever come across, he tours the country pretending that he has been granted "healing gifts."

Now he has the impudence to invite me to visit a store at which he is giving "healing demonstrations" so that I can substantiate allegations I have made about him.

If he has any grievance he need only take his complaints to the law courts.

He's a Humbug

I TAKE grim satisfaction in watching the movements of Haim Hillel Nathanson, who describes himself as a teacher of theology, but was once denounced as a "hypocritical humbug" in the bankruptcy courts.

"His falsehoods have been of the most brazen character," said the official receiver in 1937.

Yet recently Nathanson was associated with the World Service Group, a religious organisation with headquarters in a £15,000 mansion in Belgravia, presented to the chief of staff, ex-bank clerk Colin Sydney Collen-Smith, by hypnotised women disciples.

I exposed Collen-Smith, who calls himself "The leader," not long ago.

Nathanson was to have lectured these disciples on ancient Bible manuscripts, but he has now terminated his connection with the World Service Group.

When he was made bankrupt Nathanson's liabilities amounted to £1,500. His assets were £100.

What Price Peace?

L. V. PRIESTLY and W. J. Grimble may be earnest men, but they have devised a queer way of launching their "Peace Coalition."

From a small office in the Highway, Orpington, Kent, they are appealing to persons opposing the war to send a brief protest on a postcard, with sixpence as a "registration fee."

Everyone complying is to be given a number.

Then begins a curious process that is, for all the world, like familiar "snowball." But there is no prize!

A new member has to send postcards to six friends who in turn have to send a sixpenny postal order. Then each of them has to send a postcard to six of his friends.

The promoters claim that already they have 14,000 members, which means they have received about £350. But it is not yet clear what "The Peace Coalition" is to do.

People are entitled to their own opinions about peace and war in this country, but this scheme seems superfluous, to say the least, when there are a number of peace organisations in existence with properly constituted committees.

PASS THIS PARSON BY

THE Rev. W. Ernest Tilley, a bespectacled man of about forty, is simply bubbling over with enthusiasm. If you met him hurrying happily down Hindes Road, Harrow, Middlesex, in which he lives, he would explain that the reason for his joy is the new women's journal he is to produce quite soon.

He claims to have had considerable experience of newspaper production and he believes that with a financial backer of some standing behind him he can create a "circulation of 40,000 in no time."

It is a pity that the way he has set about establishing his proposed publication should be so unsatisfactory.

Still, he continues to offer jobs to those who offer money.

"I am negotiating with several people," he wrote to a would-be investor, "for the amount of £5,000 which will be the registered capital of my company. Negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily, but I would like to get the ground work laid and offices secured while rentals are low."

Having no office yet, he interviews "clients" at his home, and one man who called to see him was asked to invest anything from £300 to £500 "for preliminary expenses in floating the company."

His proposed publication was originally fostered by an ill-fated venture that attracted so little attention it failed to pay its way and went into liquidation with heavy liabilities.

Men of the Flying Squads are eagerly assisting in Scotland Yard's dramatic campaign against Ali Baba's forty food thieves

WILLIAM J. GAGE, *"John Bull's" chief commissioner, describes how detectives are trying to solve the mystery of extensive war time food thefts*

Ali Baba and his 40 Food Thieves

THE last war produced the villainous "Ali Baba" of *Chu Chin Chow*, the musical play that made a fortune for Oscar Asche with its record run.

This war has produced an Ali Baba of real life, a crafty "fence" whose gang of more than forty thieves is already credited with stealing £40,000.

Far from being the picturesque robber chief, leading a band of daring ruffians, this real-life Ali Baba is a public menace, a food stealer who has found it profitable to satisfy the gluttony of those refusing to share in the nation's rationing plans.

Scotland Yard knows him. So do I.

Uncannily clever, he has been defying the police for years, living lavishly on the loot brought to him by jewel thieves, who do his bidding.

In the last six months he has found it worth his while to put those men to work in "black-out" lorries, planning the crimes by which they have sucessfully raided so many warehouses and big stores.

The food Ali Baba, no stranger to prison, is under constant police surveillance, but he remains immune.

There is nothing in the criminal code that can be held against him.

And the authorities are so concerned about his successful raids that a chief inspector of Scotland Yard has been given the task of investigating every detail of these fashionable war time food robberies.

A dozen detectives are working under his direction. Flying Squad cars are at his beck and call.

They have enrolled the Railway Police in an effort to stop robberies at railway goods depots.

But their investigations reveal only that the modern Ali Baba, true to type, has a hidden lair where all the loot is stored until it can be transported to its destination. More than twenty lorries a week pass through this Ali Baba's treasure cave.

This is what happens:

A lorry laden with food is stolen.

It is driven to a secret hide-out, emptied and then abandoned in a quiet street.

Only the other day the driver of a food van left his vehicle in Bishopsgate, London, after removing the ignition keys and locking the doors while he delivered a parcel. When he went back into the street a few minutes later the van had gone.

The police made every effort to trace the missing van and its load; after many hours, it was found in a lane thirty miles outside London. And it was empty.

DESPITE the cleverness with which these thieves are working, the police are slowly collecting evidence against them.

Clue by clue, they are nearing the time when they will be able to raid the robbers' lair.

The modern Ali Baba is a middle-aged man, with the reputation in the underworld of never having betrayed an accomplice. And he prides himself on the fact that his men never "split."

One of his hirelings was recently offered £100 if he would talk. But he laughed at the idea.

Scotland Yard men found foodstuff worth nearly £4,000 on premises rented by a rogue known as "Creeping Teddie"—his real name is Herbert Wright—but they were unable to make him reveal the bigger rascals behind the food robberies.

Even a possible reduction in a sentence of six years for turning King's Evidence did not make him talk. He has remained dumb.

The police have a lot to do in investigating the theft of £40,000 worth of food in a few months, and their problems are made no easier by the country-wide activities of the men they are trying to catch.

One lorry travelled 10,000 miles from the time it was stolen and its cargo purloined until it was found abandoned.

This exploit is said to be the work of the "Squeegee Mob," another gang that is being closely watched by the detectives who are out to get the food vampires.

A lorry loaded with scrap was stolen, ransacked and discarded in a field in the Midlands. Enquiries revealed that the thieves must have known about its contents and destination before it left the warehouse where the load was collected.

POLICE feel that lorries on the way to the North are even followed by would-be thieves, eager for the chance to snatch the load.

Provision merchants, forced to send their goods by road, are employing two drivers, hoping that a bigger crew will give greater protection.

Meanwhile, a special watch is being kept at docks, food warehouses, transport depots and railway stations. No chance is being given to the keen-eyed crooks waiting to give "Ali Baba" the tip about a particularly interesting "treasure."

Even though raids show that some of these hidden lairs of the food thieves contain stolen produce, the police have difficulty in making arrests. It is not so easy to identify food as stolen property.

This was shown when £5,000 worth of butter, ham and bacon was found in a warehouse in South London.

Eight more warehouses, also thought to be "Private Food Depots," have been raided in as many weeks.

One detective employed in these enquiries has reported that, in his opinion, the entire population of a good-sized town could be fed for a month on foods stolen in London since the war broke out.

That is the extent to which the modern "Ali Baba" menace has developed his new tactics. But they'll catch him!

A New Job For You?

★

New lives for old! This is the cry raised by Britain's courageous man-power drive to put thirty thousand men a year into factories to swell the arms output, and as the Government's plan develops the number will be increased.

AMONG the thirty thousand men who are beginning life all over again are many who have never before worn overalls. They have sat in black coats and white collars totting up figures at office desks.

They have been perfect waiters.

They have said "Yes, modom," across the counter.

They have designed houses.

They have done everything in a score of professions; have felt the pinch of war.

Now they are beginning again in a quest for new careers with a win-the-war purpose.

You can listen to their stories as the wheels go round at Ministry of Labour Training Centres.

Park Royal, in North London, is typical of the fourteen established in the industrial areas of the country.

It has already turned out thirteen thousand new careerists. More than 98 per cent. of them have walked straight into jobs.

In the past it has taught dozens of different crafts from waiting and hairdressing to coach-building and aero-fitting. Now it is concentrating on various branches of engineering to supply the ever-growing demand.

MEN who have never before felt the throb of machinery in their hands are deftly handling skilled jobs; they have become motor mechanics, electric and acetylene welders, sheet metal workers, metal polishers; they have learned fitting and turning and scientific instrument making.

They have learned all the processes needed in one or other phase of the nation's war effort in factories where men and machines never stand still twenty-four hours a day.

Most of the Park Royal men are single. Although marriage is a disadvantage, it is no bar to eligibility for training.

Applicants must be unemployed.

Must be prepared to go anywhere to take up a job when trained.

Must be of a type capable of learning a craft.

Those between 19 and 25 must produce a medical certificate of unfitness for military service. Otherwise all ages between 18 and 47 are admissible, and even those over that may now be considered.

NORMALLY training lasts for six months, with a 44-hour week. During that time, whether insured workers or not, the men receive an allowance of 17s. a week, equal to unemployment pay, and 5s. pocket money.

If their homes are not too far distant they receive a free travelling warrant. Otherwise they are provided with good supervised lodgings for which they pay with the 17s. allowance. They receive free a midday meal at the Centre's canteen.

Their wives receive 10s. a week, and an extra 12s. if the husband is in lodgings during his training. Three shillings is allowed for each child.

After six months' training the "student" can start in a factory as an "improver."

War time needs increase his chances of employment to 100 per cent.

Improver's wages will not keep him in the style to which he may have been accustomed before his unemployment days but countless instances can be quoted where after a few months in the factory an intelligent and skilful "student" has earned full craftsmen's wages.

There are at present eight thousand men in these Training Centres, and immediate room for seven thousand more.

Employment Exchanges throughout the country have been asked to find these seven thousand. That means an output of fifteen thousand new careerists every six months.

This Training Centre drive means something better than unemployment, but it also demands determination to suffer unaccustomed conditions of labour, bare-existence allowances, and "improver's" wages till the craftsman is worth his better-pay hire.

Waiters, clerks, shop assistants . . . they are all eagerly learning to handle delicate armament-making machines

IT is a tribute to British grit that men of all walks of life are coming forward to face the Great Adventure.

A doctor, a shopkeeper, a crooner, a tap dancer, a butler, a waiter—are among those at one Centre who are eager to pull their weight in the factories making the sinews of war.

Yet the Big Push in the Training Centres absorbs only a fraction of those who have suffered war time unemployment.

Something else is needed for them.

★

Assessors of Success

FRIENDS thought Mr. J. A. Phillips, prominent London property dealer, was worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Death revealed that he was virtually penniless, that he owed £250,000, including a claim for income-tax and sur-tax of between £100,000 and £200,000.

Now among the axioms of life that always impressed me was that the world should never know when a man was taking a knock.

Whatever happened he had to face things bravely. He had to dress well, betray none of the financial worries burdening him, and carry on, as far as he could, in the same way as he had done when things were going well.

That's all right as far as it goes, and providing it doesn't go further. It is well that a man should cling to his self-respect; that he should not accept defeat without battle.

Yet it is wrong that a man should give to the world an outside show of financial stability when the imposing front hides a structure crumbling with rottenness.

It is wrong that a man should retain his self-respect at the expense of others, especially when those others are tradesmen ill able to afford bad debts.

A MAN may sponge on his friends.

He may drink with them, eat with them, smoke their cigarettes, use their cars.

And if he has been a good fellow, a generous spender when he had money, his friends will not think too harshly of him.

A man may sponge on his relatives. He may develop into a professional sponger, a fate from which we should pray for deliverance.

Argue It Out!

by **PALLAS**

And, in doing so, a man may lose himself, his honour, his decency, his manhood.

Not many of us plumb these degradations. But many of us, consciously or unconsciously, live our little shams—shams willingly imposed at the call of social ambition or suburban envy.

Thousands of people run cars they can't afford. Thousands more, able to afford small cars, run larger vehicles because they think their social position demands it.

In scores of ways people show to their neighbours, or try to show, the outward signs of a prosperity that is not theirs.

They rent houses that impose too great a burden on family incomes; they keep maids, whose meagre wages are difficult to pay; they get credit for costly clothes for which they cannot find cash.

Someone has to suffer.

True, Mrs. "X" is falsely happy because, maybe, her fur coat (which her husband could not really afford) is much smarter than Mrs. "Z's."

That the "X" family eats cheaper and less food because of such things as fur coats is not reckoned too high a price to pay for the social prestige that suburbia loves so dearly.

And so it all boils down to this.

Does self-respect begin and end with the clothes we wear?

Does it only begin when we have self-respect deep in our hearts?

No man can claim, with truth, that self-respect is his if it is based on a lie.

WE live so many lives. We act so many petty frauds. By hook or crook many of us are determined not to descend one rung of the ladder we have climbed so desperately.

It seems that this self-respect is really vanity coupled with a lack of scruple so far as others are concerned.

Unhappily, the little narrow worlds, in whose confines we move so pompously and so insignificantly, are only too willing to endure our shams—until they are found out.

When the bubble of self-respect is pricked and it is exposed as a false, tawdry thing, only humiliation is left.

No amount of moralising or preaching will kill the shams we all know—the financial frauds, the social stratagems, the moral lies.

As long as we assess worldly success in terms of money, position and possessions, so long will the shams remain.

A. G. Gardiner sees an end to the neutrals' dilemma and—

Clears THE DECK

THE blow that we have struck at the Nazi terrorism of the neutrals is the second dramatic stroke of the war. In its effect, material and moral, it will not be less decisive than the dazzling victory of the River Plate.

That victory destroyed the greatest menace to our supplies, and established our unchallengeable command of the sea. Now the incident of the *Altmark* announces to the world that Hitler's terrorism of the neutrals will, to use his favourite bombast, "no longer be tolerated."

It has been tolerated too long already. If it had not been, there would have been no *Altmark* incident.

In saying this I am not excusing Norway's action in the matter, but neither am I condemning Norway herself.

She acted with gross illegality, but she acted through fear.

IT IS THAT FEAR THAT MUST BE LIFTED FROM THE NEUTRALS. WHEN THAT IS DONE THE ILLEGALITIES WILL DISAPPEAR AUTOMATICALLY, NOT IN NORWAY ONLY, BUT THROUGHOUT THE NEUTRAL WORLD.

The establishment of a reign of terror throughout the world is one of the chief instruments by which Hitler aims at making himself master of Europe.

His method is to keep his lesser neighbours in a state of quivering anxiety as to where he will strike and who will be his next victim.

He mobilises a mighty army on the frontier of Holland and Belgium, and twice since the war began has been on the point of launching his thunderbolts against those countries.

Scandinavia is kept in a fever of fear lest he should strike in that direction, and Sweden dare not go to the help of Finland for the same reason.

At one moment the menace threatens Switzerland; at the next Hungary looks like being trampled on in a plunge to Rumania and the Balkans.

IN THIS WAY HE KEEPS THE NEUTRAL NATIONS SCARED LEST THE FATE THAT HAS BEFALLEN CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND POLAND SHOULD DESCEND ON THEM. AND IN SCARING THEM HE HOPES TO MAKE THEM OBEDIENT TO HIS WILL.

If they will not go into his orbit by consent they must be forced into it by fear.

Mr. Sumner Welles—Europe's most important visitor

Their ships must be sunk and their seamen murdered so that they cannot trade with this country, and so that all their resources, their oil, their food and their fats, can be commandeered for his uses.

Now, upon the success or failure of this policy of terrorising the neutrals the issue of the war largely depends, and it is because the *Altmark* incident is so resounding a blow against it that I call it the second most dramatic stroke of the war.

AND for this reason. It would be true, I think, to say that in no war in history has the neutral world been so unanimous in its sympathies as it is to-day.

IN SPITE OF ALL GOEBBELS' PROPAGANDA—IN SOME MEASURE IN CONSEQUENCE OF IT—THERE IS NOT A NEUTRAL COUNTRY IN EUROPE, NOR IN THE WORLD, WHICH WOULD NOT REJOICE AT THE DEFEAT OF GERMANY AND THE DESTRUCTION OF HITLERISM.

No, I certainly do not exclude Italy. It is true that Mussolini has not formally denounced the Axis and that Hitler keeps up the pretence that the Axis is still in being.

But it isn't. It is as dead as mutton—dead past resurrection.

AND AS FAR AS THE ITALIAN PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE CONCERNED THERE ARE NO TIDINGS THAT WOULD GIVE THEM SO MUCH SATISFACTION AS THE NEWS THAT THE GERMAN LEGIONS NO LONGER LOOKED DOWN UPON THEM FROM THE BRENNER PASS.

IF this view of neutral opinion is correct, and if it is true, as I believe, that the influence of that opinion upon events is only held in check by fear of Germany, it follows that the lifting of that fear will have a decisive effect on the course of the war.

Once let it be felt that it is the Allies who are gathering momentum, and that it is Hitler who is on the run, and the spirit of the neutral world will be released.

It is because the *Altmark* episode, following on the victory of the River Plate, gives that assurance that it has struck the imagination of the world.

Nor is this the only event that is lifting the shadow of fear from the hearts of the neutrals. Whatever the issue of the war in Finland, it has done two things.

It has given the world the most heroic example of what a small and brave nation, fighting for its life and liberties, can do alone against a monstrous brigand Power.

And it has played havoc with whatever plots the gangsters of Moscow and Berlin had in view against the neutrals of South Eastern Europe and Asia Minor.

Hitler's hope that Stalin would ease his troubles in the West by extending the war to the Black Sea and the Caucasus is fading out under the hammer-strokes of the Finns. And as it fades the spirit of the neutrals rises.

Under the inspiration of Turkey the whole Near Eastern front is gathering strength and confidence.

The changing mood of the neutral world is not less apparent on the North Sea front. The Oslo Powers are sounding a much more confident note in their denunciation of Hitler's campaign of indiscriminate murder on the high seas.

The Scandinavian sailors are forcing the hands of their Governments, and all the symptoms point to a more general adoption of the convoy system among the neutrals.

Not the least significant fact is the reminder to Hitler from Denmark and Holland that the more of their ships he sinks the less food and material he will get through them.

Moreover, as the *Altmark* incident shows, the Allies are going to take much severer measures against the abuse of the territorial waters of Norway by Hitler's murder squadrons.

If Norway cannot stop those abuses herself, they must be stopped for her.

And no one will be more gratified than the Norwegians themselves.

In this bracing up of the neutrals there is nothing more important than stopping the leakages in the blockade.

The smiles of British seamen rescued from the Nazi prison ship are shared by many of the neutral peoples. And there will be joy the world over when the Allies save the small States from the menace of Nazi aggression

In the House of Commons the other day it was stated that fifteen Italian ships had left the neutral port of Rotterdam laden with German coal. For whom?

For neutral Italy, which no doubt pays the bill with goods from other neutrals—among them the United States, whose trade with the neutral States bordering on Germany increased in the first four months of the war by £17,000,000.

SOME of that increase can be explained away; but can we doubt that much of it has found its way into Germany

It is to be hoped that this will be one of the questions studied by Mr. Sumner Welles, who has now arrived in Europe on behalf of President Roosevelt.

HE REPRESENTS THE GREATEST OF ALL THE NEUTRALS, AND THE ONE NOT LEAST EAGER FOR THE TRIUMPH OF THE ALLIES.

NO COUNTRY HAS MORE ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSED OUR ACTION IN REGARD TO THE *ALTMARK*. NO COUNTRY CAN DO SO MUCH TO LIFT THE GERMAN TERROR FROM THE SOULS OF THE NEUTRAL NATIONS.

It is natural that the neutrals should strain every nerve to keep outside the conflict. But each day sucks them nearer to the maelstrom.

Their position is desperate. They know that the Allies are fighting their battle. They know that if that battle is lost their independent existence is at an end.

On the other hand, they stand in dread of the immediate fate that has already made a shambles of Poland and Czechoslovakia.

But they must decide, and decide soon.

No one questions where the sympathies of the United States lie. It is in the power of that nation to give such inspiration to the neutrals of Europe as will lead them to defy Hitler and take their stand with the Allies.

It is for this reason that Mr. Sumner Welles's presence in Europe at this critical moment is so momentous a fact.

It is a reminder to Hitler that America is vitally concerned in the war, and in the end will have to be reckoned with. It is a reminder to the European neutrals that there are mighty potentialities in reserve.

Let them stand firm. If Hitler compels them to take sides, let them take it fearlessly against the forces of barbarism.

This is a war for the soul of Europe. The neutrals must help to win it.

RED PLOT against Britain

HITLER's hate-crazed assassins, screaming their hopes of subjecting us to a worse fate than the slow death of Poland, are not the only enemies of Britain!

Our enemies also include the corrupt agents of Stalin, seeking to sabotage our war machine and force us into anarchy and defeat.

Britain's Communists are comparatively few in number, but in their subversive activity each has the strength of ten.

Their propaganda is dropped into letter-boxes in every town, and mailed to our men at the Front.

Their "cells" are planted in munition factories and mines.

Glasgow's Lord Provost has had to warn his citizens that a thousand agents are seeking to cause trouble in Clydeside industries.

As counterblast to their treason, their lies and hypocrisy, comes the most trenchant attack ever launched by a responsible political Party.

"Finland, the Criminal Conspiracy of Stalin and Hitler," is a booklet issued by the Labour Party to expose the treachery of the Kremlin Cæsar.

But it does more.

It warns British workers against agitators who would betray them to a tyranny as infamous as Hitlerism.

"Joseph Stalin still has accomplices, paid and unpaid, in this country, where the truth is not hidden from them," warns the official voice of organised British labour.

Yet even truth is something that Reds can distort. Moscow has only to give the word for them to find that white is really black.

JOHN BULL remembers that, at the outbreak of war, the British Communist Party hailed it as "a war that can and must be won."

A just war.

A war that should be supported by the whole working class; by all friends of democracy.

That was in September.

A month later, those who had been loudest in urging us to fight were pleading with us to desert our leaders and throw down our arms.

They wanted us to forsake the "imperialist and capitalist struggle" into which we had been tricked.

Their own general was court-martialled.

Harry Pollitt, who had called upon the masses to defend their liberty against Hitlerism, was dismissed his post as secretary of the Party.

He discovered immediately that he had erred. In his penitence, he beseeched the masses to place their heads in the Hitler yoke.

SILVERTOWN'S electors have shown their contempt for Mr. Pollitt's strange conversion, however honest it may have been.

Yet something must have induced this somersaulting demagogue and his friends to change their opinions so utterly, so ludicrously.

The war had not changed.

It was the open policy of their atheistic god, Stalin, that had been reversed within a few weeks.

Having riven Poland by a robber's compact with Hitler, the Kremlin autocrat murdered the independence of Estonia.

Latvia and Lithuania were forced to surrender. Then the threat of the bloated Red Army and Air Force was levelled against Finland.

Choosing to sacrifice her blood rather than her honour, Finland now sees her women and children maimed, her hospitals set in flames, by the Dictator hailed by British Reds as the friend of the workers, the apostle of peace.

All this is recalled by the Labour Party's booklet.

"The Finns," it sums up, "are the victims of a policy of deception, blackmail, trickery, cynicism and brutality not dissimilar to the subtle cruelty of Japanese militarism."

Stalin's men are in our midst, trying to sell Britain into slavery. But the Labour Party is watching them, so is Scotland Yard . . . The workers must be alert, too.

As cynical, shall we say, as the methods adopted by British Communists at the behest of their Kremlin master.

Mr. Herbert Morrison reports that Reds are using false names to enter the Labour Party. They are signing declarations that they are not members of the Communist Party.

By gaining control of trades councils or small trade unions, they are able to pass "stop the war" resolutions aimed at fomenting unrest.

It is no secret that Scotland Yard is investigating dangerous activities among many of the Reds in our midst.

It is significant that members of the British Communist Party have tried to get themselves recruited as "volunteers" to aid Finland.

Their dodge was revealed by a false passport.

Their purpose in trying to reach the Mannerheim Line is as obvious as their designs on our arms factories and mines.

BUT their intrigues are not directed merely against this country and Finland.

French police discovered unmistakable evidence of treason in the great round-up of French Communists, some of whom escaped and are now broadcasting Red propaganda in French from German stations.

United States police uncovered a similar conspiracy.

Swedes also found it imperative to put their Reds behind prison bars.

Stalin is crafty in his designs at domination. He believes with Hitler in weakening his enemy before he strikes. He poses as a peacemaker until he is ready for war.

His Foreign Commissar, Litvinoff, declared in 1934 that the Soviet "desires no conquests, no expansion, no extension of territory."

A few months ago, Stalin's official newspaper admitted his aim of "transforming Finland into a province of the Soviet Union."

He has not yet stated his intention of dividing the spoils of the British Empire with his blood-brother Hitler. But it is made clear by the acts of his agents.

As the Secretary for Scotland announced last week, "the Communist Party is in the pay of the Russian Government."

That should be enough to persuade our workers to beware of agitators seeking to undermine confidence in this country's war aims and in its leaders.

Tiger! Tiger!

Short Story of a little man who achieved two big ambitions in one busy day, told by

Harold A. Albert

"Do not worry," said Mr. Pepps. "I am perfectly well accustomed to dealing with animals."

down from the first floor to borrow a little milk or beg some oil for her sewing machine.

Mr. Pepps found himself wondering whether Miss Mew was not equally lonely, particularly since the Marrow family had evacuated themselves from the first and second floors and the ground-floor confectioner had gone bankrupt.

She might even care to come to the Zoo one Sunday!

Invitations slipped to the tip of his tongue and shyly remained unuttered until the appropriate moment was past and regretted.

Mr. Pepps sighed, bending a little lower over his gear wheels and escapements. Clocks and watches clattered on the shelves. Passing legs flung perpetual sheaves of shadow from the half-window.

Then Mr. Pepps raised his head from a particularly troublesome Albert and realised that the incessant trembling of the traffic had ceased, the usual tempo of the pattering footsteps had suddenly quickened. People were running. A confused roar seeped from the pavement level.

Mr. Pepps sprang to his feet. As he did so all the floor-boards creaked in the hallway overhead as if something incredibly swift and heavy had passed down the corridor.

In the street the dull roar increased, came nearer and focused about his half-window.

To Mr. Pepps' nostrils came a pungency, familiar and half-recognised.

Excited voices, filtering down to him, resolved into coherent alarm.

"It's gone in there! Where's a policeman? Keep away! Send for the fire brigade!"

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pepps.

Then he heard the scream.

It was neither high-pitched nor low-pitched, but quavered dreadfully between the two. It was the strangled sound of a woman in terror. And Mr Pepps felt his heart stand still, for he recognised behind the fear the voice of Miss Mew.

After that he heard a clattering sound and another scream. It was a nightmarish animal yowl, the roar of a tiger.

MR. PEPPS went up the stairs two at a time. And as he moved with this unaccustomed celerity, he recognised the animal odour.

In the gloom of the little storage corner at the end of the hall passage, Mr. Pepps saw the two green pin-points of eyes.

"Good girl!" said Mr. Pepps, in the tone he had used to caged tigers, and snapped his fingers.

Everything happened then in an incredible trice. The two yellow highlights soared upwards and forwards. Ponderous, stenching mass moved through the air, and passed over Mr. Pepps with sureness and swiftness, while a heavy hind-paw caught and tore the cloth from his shoulder.

Mr. Pepps went down, and found himself on his back with the tiger behind him.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped, and picked himself up. In the dimness he could see the tiger crouched, facing him, the tawny tail slowly moving.

"Good girl!" said Mr Pepps again. The only reply was a sound like a rasping saw. The beast was snarling.

One voice deep within Mr Pepps shrieked that discretion was indeed the better part of valour, while a cold scientific voice declared that this was the time to assert the power of the human eye.

Mr. Pepps stared for all he was worth but little dissentient parts of himself voiced the opinion that he was dreaming that his shoulder was sore, that this was terrible.

The tiger snarled louder.

Mr. Pepps thought of Miss Mew, and made an involuntary movement towards the stairs.

Above him he heard a door open, and he knew that Miss Mew in abiding terror was closing down.

"Do not worry," said Mr. Pepps "I am perfectly well accustomed to dealing with animals. Close the door! Don't be alarmed!"

BUT his voice was no longer his own voice. It gave him away, and the tiger slowly shuffled a few inches forward. With the best of intentions, Mr. Pepps found himself on the first step of the stairs.

"Oh, do be careful," quavered Miss Mew. "Come up quickly!"

"Close the door!" said Mr. Pepps. "Close the door!"

The mask of the tiger was now so low that the jowl rested on the floor. "It's going to spring!" said a voice.

Mr. Pepps went up another step, backwards, and the tiger, with a swift, sinuous shuffle, again made up the lost distance.

And now a thought, baleful and potent, smote Mr. Pepps, a consideration of such awfulness that all inner tumult was silenced into the muteness of fear. Had he not read that three Bengal tigers, surviving U-boats and tempests alike, were being landed that day at the docks?

(Continued on page 24)

WITH his good eye, Mr. Pepps stared through his watchmaker's glass at hair-springs and balance wheels. With his other eye, closed, he watched lions and elephants, seals and kangaroos, wolves and monkeys, the animal gamut.

One half of his mind, sane and balanced, methodically attended to the habitual routines of a repairing jeweller's day.

The other wandered care-free through zoos and jungles, contemplating now Whipsnade now the Mappin Terraces, and ranging back and forth from one zoological excursion to another.

Mr. Pepps loved animals.

From the dimmest recesses of his childhood he remembered pictures of the King of Beasts, and the Wise Old Elephant, and Z for Zebra.

While other young men dallied on seaside promenades, Mr. Pepps had stared fascinated at the Hagenbeck hippopotami.

While old schoolfellows married and reared families, Mr Pepps became a fellow of the Royal Zoological Society, one of those who make friends with the animals and are politely conducted by keepers to the dens behind their cages.

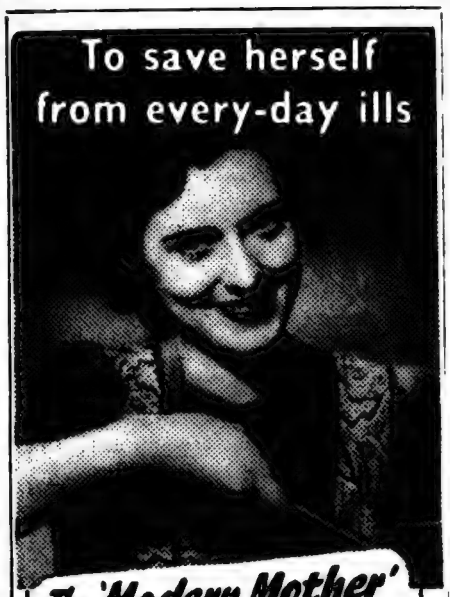
It happened sometimes that a swinging skirt, glimpsed through the half-window above his head, momentarily drew Mr. Pepps' mind away from the jungle, and made him wonder how much he had missed in life.

A CUSTOMER would leave a wristwatch to be repaired, and with it a subtle hint of perfume.

Mr. Pepps would often start nervously indeed as "lady Customers," doubtfully exploring the way to his shadowy basement workshop, entered and jangled his little bell.

His friendly bears and panthers sprinted away, and green jungles vanished as he rose timidly to the counter.

Sometimes Miss Mew would come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The 'Modern Mother' takes
Beechams Pills
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Worth a Guinea a Box

HERE'S good news for everyone with false teeth! You can keep them *perfectly clean and wholesome* this new easy way. Simply place them in 'Steradent' solution overnight—or while you dress. Its effective, harmless action removes film and stains. What's more, 'Steradent' cleans every crevice and completely *sterilizes* dentures. No wonder there is a tremendous demand for it. Try 'Steradent' yourself. You will be delighted at its convenience and effectiveness. Obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9d. tins.

HOW TO DO IT
Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

You can get the energy of 2 weeks' Butter Ration from a 6d tin of FRY'S COCOA

ON the wartime menu Fry's Cocoa more than pays its way in healthy nourishment. Fry's is FOOD, rich in energy—the energy men and women need to keep them fit—the energy children must have for proper growth. Serve Fry's Cocoa with every meal. Its delicious flavour is so satisfying and yet it costs so little. Get a tin of Fry's to-day.

COST OF LIVING UP—BUT ALL WELL FED

This family has to economise carefully with only £3 a week coming in. But they're all well nourished, thanks to Fry's Cocoa. They drink it with every meal and save shillings a week towards extra fuel and warm clothes. Remember, the price of Fry's is still unchanged.

HOUSEWIVES NEED 2,900 CALORIES

A busy housewife must have 2,900 Calories daily to replace spent energy. Everyone is burning thousands of Calories a day and these must be supplied by suitable food or else health and strength will suffer. Remember when your energy flags that you get a valuable proportion of the Calories you need daily from a 6d. tin of Fry's Cocoa — made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water. Drink Fry's daily.

Made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water, a 6d tin of Fry's Cocoa gives you the same energy as any of the following :	
¼ LB OF BUTTER	1¼ LB OF STEAK
	11 OZS OF BACON
	21 EGGS

A HINT FOR SERVICE FOLK—*In cold weather try a steaming cup of Fry's Cocoa on duty. It will warm you up and keep you going. None of the delicious flavour is lost in the thermos.*

C.189.240

His teeth are "white lies"—are yours?

Are your teeth "*white lies*" too? Is there Tartar at the back of *them*?

You know how deposits form *inside* a kettle. That's how tartar forms behind your teeth — where you don't see it. Each day more harmful tartar collects — helping to cause gum troubles, followed by decay.

Solidox is the only toothpaste that can move tartar which has gained a hold — because Solidox alone contains Ricinosulphate. It is so safe that it can't harm delicate tooth enamel. Gently, easily, delightfully, the tartar is removed.

Every mouth harbours tartar — unless it is cleaned *daily* with Solidox. That's why millions of people are taking to Solidox. It makes teeth look *lovely*; more than that, it makes them safe. So use Solidox yourself. Buy a tube to-day and make sure that you protect yourself against these unseen accumulations. Keep up regular visits to your dentist as well, of course. Dentists approve of Solidox, and have praised and welcomed its safe tartar-removing action.

White in front
—but at the back
TARTAR

Dentists see the tartar you cannot see yourself. And dentists know it is *nasty*—it ought to be got rid of. Now comes Solidox (the only toothpaste made with Ricinosulphate), the only toothpaste that can deal with tartar.

* * *

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.15

SOL 14-66-68

MOVED BED DOWNSTAIRS

COUGH

kept Family awake

A grateful Husband's Tribute:

until a friend advised her to take FAMEL Syrup

"I write these few lines on behalf of my wife," says Mr. B. H., of Lancashire. "She was suffering from acute bronchitis for a number of years. We had to have a bed downstairs and even then we were kept awake at nights with her coughing. But one day a friend advised my wife to try your Famel Syrup and I am pleased to say that we have never regretted buying a bottle. We will never be without a bottle in the house. For since trying your Famel we have taken the bed back upstairs and both my wife and family are assured of a good night's rest. I advise anyone suffering from bronchitis to take Famel."

* * *

WE could give you hundreds of similar reports of the wonders that Famel syrup has worked for sufferers from coughs, colds, bronchitis, catarrh and other respiratory complaints. Many tried Famel in desperation after they had taken "everything under the sun," as one grateful user put it, without any real or lasting effect.

Famel succeeds because it contains a wonderful substance called Soluble Lacto-creosote. This remarkable agent gets right into the bloodstream, and there destroys the harmful germs that are the cause of most throat and breathing complaints.

Thus, while most "cough mixtures" only give temporary relief, Famel gets to the root of the trouble by *destroying the cause of the infection*, and so gives a lasting permanent benefit.

Cough time is here! Don't take half measures. Take Famel Syrup, the proved certain remedy and the winter standby in hundreds of thousands of homes everywhere. Take it at the slightest touch of bronchial trouble and you'll stay free from coughs.

FAMEL (BRAND) SYRUP

At all chemists, 1/6 and 3/-
(Triple quantity)

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

Three-Minute Mystery

Murder—by any Other Name

Do you mean that the revolver fired only once? asked Captain Connolly

CAPTAIN JOHN CONNOLLY, of the Military Intelligence Department, glanced at the police report.

"The bullet hole in John Bentley's right-hand jacket-pocket, and the bullet hole in the left side of Miss Black's A.T.S. cap are consistent with Bentley's story of accidental shooting," it explained.

"The black-powder marks on the cap are of the same chemical composition as those found on the inner lining of Bentley's right-hand jacket-pocket."

Connolly looked across his desk at Jack Bentley.

"I'm sorry to trouble you with this matter," he apologised. "But I'd like you to tell me just what you were both doing when the accident occurred."

"Miss Black was just getting through the fence when my gun went off," said Bentley. "I was helping her when she seemed to stumble against me, knocking my pocket.

"My revolver discharged, and the next thing I knew she was lying on the ground dead. The bullet went straight through her head."

"Do you mean that the revolver only fired once?"

"I had only one bullet in it. I'd been doing some revolver practice, and I'd run out of cartridges."

"How was Miss Black standing?"

"She'd just finished getting through the fence and was starting to straighten up. I was sort of leaning over with my right hand on her shoulder."

"Do you always carry the revolver in your right-hand jacket-pocket?"

"Always," Bentley answered. "I'm the cashier at the Potteries and I have to do all the banking, and I am supposed to go armed."

Connolly leaned forward.

"Tell me, Mr. Bentley," he asked, "why did you want Miss Black out of the way?"

"What do you mean? I didn't want her out of the way."

"I mean that you shot Miss Black and then tried to make a murder look like an accident."

HOW DID HE KNOW THAT BENTLEY HAD MURDERED MISS BLACK?

(See page 28)

Continuing Short Story from page 22

Many a Slip!

Mr. Pepps made one last desperate stand. He frowned prodigiously. And in a voice of thunder he commanded, "Go back! Lie down!"

The beast winked at him with such self-assurance that Mr. Pepps groped his backward way up yet another stair. He was all but vanquished. From Miss Mew, who had not closed the door, came a whimper of acute suspense.

Mr. Pepps' lips framed words, but no sound came. His forehead was damp. His heart was pounding like a grandfather clock gone mad. In dreadful dumbness he eyed the tiger.

And the tiger stood up four-square. It yawned and stretched, but continued to look up at Mr. Pepps as if to hint that this was pure self-indulgence, trivial ceremonial before the feast.

MR. PEPPS heard the voice of Miss Mew in hoarse, agitated tremolo:

"I'm holding the door open for you. There are seven steps to come——"

Experience abruptly stood Mr. Pepps in good stead. He read the tiger's intentions an instant before the animal moved. Mr. Pepps went, legs and arms flailing, up the stairs till he felt the firm level of the landing behind him.

He spun round, pushed Miss Mew into her room—and closed the door after her, **and went up the next flight of stairs with astounding agility.**

The tiger followed.

On the higher landing he was unpleasantly near to the tiger. Its tail lashed softly, left to right, and back again. Mr. Pepps gently opened a door, and the reassurance of the metal found him his voice again. He whistled.

"Good girl! Come on!" he called, and held the door open.

The itger blinked and snarled once more. Its winking eyes implied that it refused to be enticed. It had no intention of passing Mr. Pepps and allowing itself to be imprisoned.

It moved its head doubtfully as though considering a descent of the stairs, and in the second of waiting, Mr. Pepps became positive that Miss Mew had opened her door again.

He hesitated no longer. Stepping boldly into the room, he took a quick stand behind the door.

The tiger stalked in.

Mr. Pepps gently closed the door and side-stepped. He flattened himself to the wall and almost wished he could melt.

"Good girl!" he croaked.

Then the tiger, facing him, snarled. Mr. Pepps had a horrifying view of red tongue and white teeth. The dripping jaws remained open for an interminable minute, an unmistakable invitation.

Tearing his gaze away, Mr. Pepps became aware of the open window. Making another move to the side, he waited, but the tiger was content to watch him. Mr. Pepps side-stepped several times and smiled deprecatingly at his jailer.

He had reached the window.

"There, girl!" he said.

He hoisted one leg over the sill. He had forgotten the broad plaster parapet just beneath, and was surprised to discover it firm beneath his feet. Once more he side-stepped out of the tiger's view, and looked giddily down.

From end to end of the street there were lifted faces, and from this patterned carpet came shouts of warning.

"DON'T jump! Don't jump!"

Mr. Pepps had had no intention of jumping, but the idea brought him to his knees. The parapet might give way. He must reach another window. The sea of pinky faces swam beneath him.

Mr. Pepps began to crawl, and discovered too late that he was crawling the wrong way. The parapet ran on to the corner of the house.

From the street came a roar, and then a deep hush of horror. The parapet had shuddered as it took the weight of the tiger. The beast had leapt from the window, reached the parapet with deft claws, and was already stalking delicately behind him.

From the street came the jangle of fire-bells.

Then suddenly from the window behind him—a whistle, and a call.

"Allez oop, Mabel! Allez oop!"

Mr. Pepps glanced cautiously round. The tiger, obedient to a voice, had returned and disappeared into the window. An alarmed face peered out and called to Mr. Pepps.

"BUT come back, sare, come back!"

Out of the corner of his eye Mr. Pepps saw a fire-escape rising towards him. His mind raced. With one last summons on his resources, he walked in the wake of the tiger.

Willing hands assisted him back into the room, and Mr. Pepps saw the tiger was on a leash, and that the chain was held by a white-shirted, effusive, energetic figure.

"But bless you, sare," this figure cried. "You have saved my Mabel's life. My Pussy's van was in an accident. The bars were bent. And she escaped. You are unharmed?"

"She—she isn't wild?" said Mr. Pepps, swaying.

"Wild? Ah, but no. But you have helped me. My Mabel will be the success of the circus this season. But wild? Between ourselves—voila!"

The white-shirted man placed his head within the tiger's jaws. The sight was too much. A thousand clocks ticked to a crescendo in his head.

Mr. Pepps fainted.

He became aware, presently, that Miss Mew was gazing into his face.

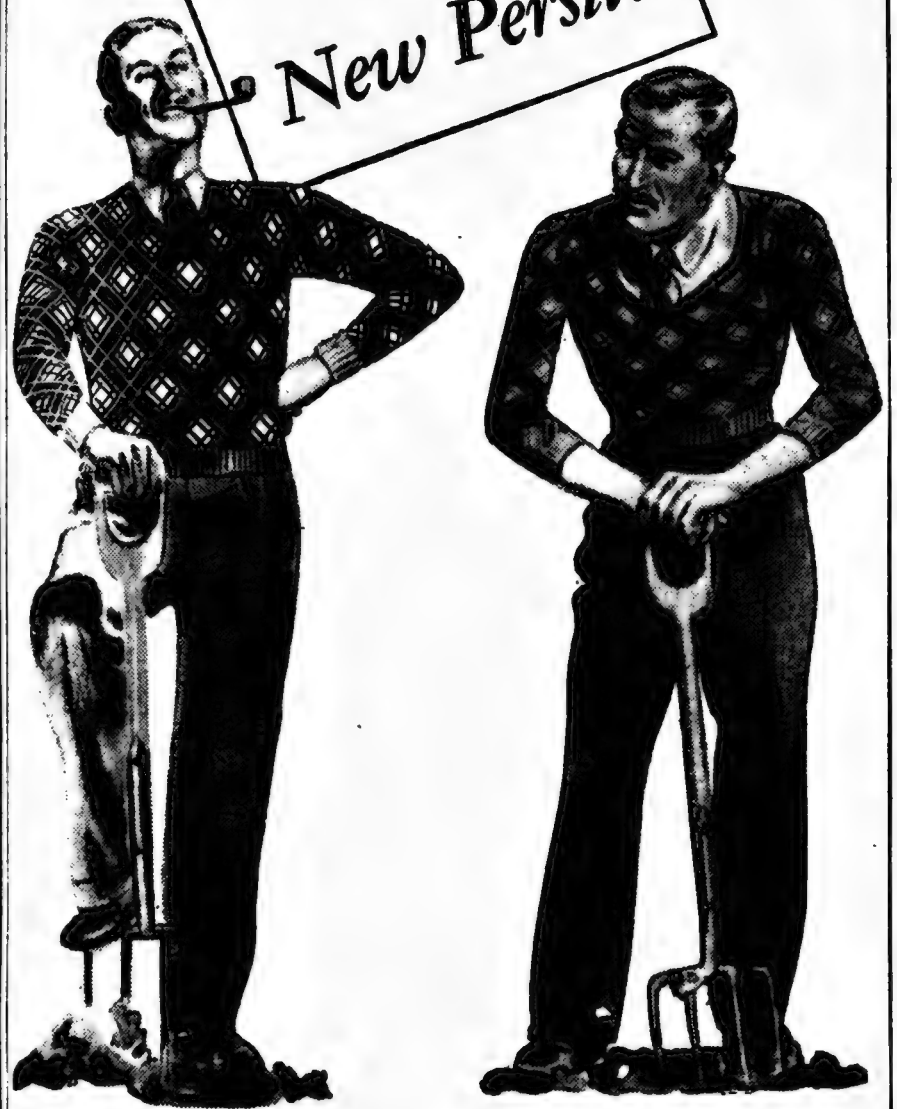
"You were so brave—so wonderful!" she murmured.

Mr. Pepps made the most of his opportunity.

"Will you come to the Zoo on Sunday?" he demanded.

Both carefully washed . . . but

My missus used New Persil!



NEW PERSIL

IS PERFECT FOR WOOLLENS

This new Persil is *good*, and no mistake! Women are now washing their dainty silks, bright coloureds, and fluffy, fragile woollies without a moment's worry. *So* quickly and easily does new Persil wash these precious clothes that *everyone* is 'popping them in Persil'!

You don't mix Persil now; its richer, busier lather is a joy to work with; and there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out. You'll find the new Persil is gentle as ever, too. The famous oxygen suds tenderly coax the dirt away from the fabric till there just isn't any more to coax. So be kind to your woollen jumpers, your gay frocks, and those silk undies—don't spoil them by harsh washing. Wash them always in new Persil. *And here's a friendly free offer to end up with: if you have any washing problems write to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington. She's a washing expert, and she wants to help you!*

NO MIXING — *easier wash*
Just shake new Persil on the water, swish it up with your hand — and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather — and so little trouble!

EXTRA LATHER — *for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM — *quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now — not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

PER 767-66-65

These days—

£1,000 a year or £100 a year—you've still got to make ends meet!

MRS. T., of RUGBY:
Harry's stopped smoking cigars—and put the car up. Me? I'm doing practically all the washing at home. At first I was nervous I'd make a mess of it—but the Acme and myself make a wonderful team. You should just see the "laundry touch" we put on everything.

MRS. A., EALING:
When my husband had a salary cut I vowed I'd save every penny I used to spend on laundry. I walked straight out and bought the best wringer on the market, an Acme. Really, I wish I'd known before how easy even heavy washing is with an Acme. I've more than saved the cost of my Acme already!

MRS. B., SUTHERLAND:
It's been harder than ever, since the war started, to keep the home going nicely. Still, I've got one thing that's made a wonderful difference, an Acme. It's that solid and strong, it'll last me my lifetime, and it really is a pleasure to work it, it runs so smooth and does the heavy work so easy.

You're saving time, you're saving money you're saving precious energy—with

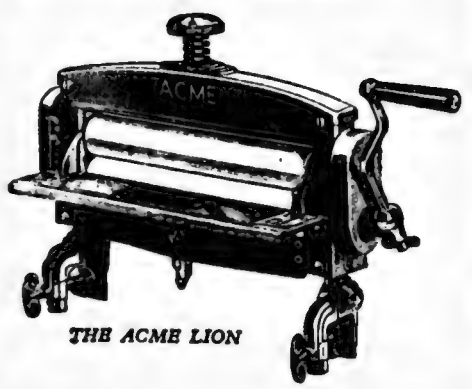
an Acme Wringer

NEAT, TRIM, IMMENSELY STRONG, the Acme is the most advanced design in wringers that has ever been seen. Every Acme is built on the "cantilever" principle. By turning the screw on the top, you have infinitely variable control of the pressure which Acme's twin rubber rollers exert. Into your Acme you can feed whatever article you like—a big woollen blanket or a mere silk slip. The Acme, with its controlled pressure, will wring it so thoroughly that it also actually cleanses, by driving out all dirt.

Why not decide at once? Why not go straight to your hardware dealer and buy the finest wringer in the world—the Acme!

The Portable Acme as illustrated costs 47/6 for the 16-inch size; 45/6 for the 14-inch size. If you have more room, choose the Acme Folding Stand model—80/-. All three models are fully described in booklet D 3., obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

THE ACME LION GIVES YOU:
Cantilever pressure. Cushion rubber rollers. Patent reversible drain. Turning handle folds away. Unbreakable pressed steel frame. Rust-proof, chip-proof finish. Die-cast cog wheels. Rustless "oiled" bearings. Choice of 9 clamp fittings, 10 year guarantee.



THE ACME LION

Get an Acme—wringer, mangle, cleanser, all in one!

SECRET SERVICE ACES—No. 4—*Business Man, Jailbird, Sailorman and Desert Wanderer, Walter Greenway went out alone to face the Turks*

Bravest Spy was Desert Exile!

The Arab beggar crept aboard a dhow, ready to pass on his vital secrets to the British Forces

WALTER GREENWAY was funny.

He had a brilliant, versatile brain, and a penchant for playing practical jokes.

His japes were the plague of masters and students at Trent and Rugby.

And he was amazingly clever.

He topped the class in almost every subject.

Foreign languages came easily. He mopped up French, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Russian as readily as a sponge soaks water.

When he was only twenty-two, he was appointed Director of the Foreign Correspondence Department of a large mercantile company, a position that promised a brilliant future.

Three years later, in 1903, he was in prison, his career ruined.

His love of practical joking led him to call on a chance acquaintance, whom he had met only that afternoon, by climbing a drain-pipe and crawling through an attic window.

Unfortunately, he mistook the address and entered the wrong house.

No one believed his story. So he spent the next three months in jail.

That sentence did something to Walter Greenway.

Too ashamed to go near his former friends, he loafed around and was convicted nine times on similar charges, *but never of stealing*, during the following four years.

Finally, Mr. Robert Holmes, Probation Officer, shipped him off to sea in the schooner *Swan*, under Captain Smith, in 1907, and started him on an amazing spy career.

Walter settled down to seafaring, and he might still be a sailor if he had not caught a fleeting glimpse of a beautiful Arab girl, Iza, the daughter of Sheik Ibrahim, on board one of her father's dhows when entering Aden in 1908.

That one brief glimpse was enough.

Falling madly in love, he deserted his ship at Colombo, bought Arab clothes, and spent the next three months in the native quarter studying Arabian customs and learning to speak the language thoroughly.

When he thought he was fit to carry out the masquerade, he bribed one of Sheik Ibrahim's deck-hands and shipped, in his place, as an Arab sailor to be near the girl he loved so much.

Such initiative deserved reward.

Twelve months later, after revealing his true identity to Sheik Ibrahim, he settled down with the beautiful Iza on a plantation, about forty miles out of Aden, prepared to forget that he had ever been an Englishman.

By Louis C. Mansfield

Walter Greenway was to be forcibly reminded of his nationality in 1914. He was at Basra, on the Tigris in Mesopotamia, with one of Sheik Ibrahim's dhows, when war broke out.

He was there again in November when the Indian Division took Fort Fao, at the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab; when it prepared defensive positions at Abadan, and finally took Basra.

HE was there again the following May when General Townshend took Al Qurna at the junction of the Euphrates and swept up the Tigris to Amara.

These things seethed in Greenway's mind, and the sight of hundreds of wounded soldiers caused him to go to his father-in-law.

"Sheik Ibrahim, my father," he asked. "What happens when your tribe is in danger?"

The old man smiled.

"So you have felt the urge, my son?

"*When the tribe is in peril,*" *he went on,* "*each tribesman forgets that he is a merchant, a trader, a planter, a sailor, or a nomad. He remembers only that he is a man, and that he must strike a blow for his Sheik.*

"I have watched you, and I have known that the time must come when you would remember that you must strike a blow. Is it the time?"

"Yes, I can no longer sit under a palm-tree and see other men die for what I should be defending. It is my duty to help them, but I shall help them not as an Englishman, but as an Arab.

"As an Arab I can come and go among the Turkish lines. I can find out what the Turks are doing, what they are saying, what they are planning. In that way I shall be more useful than a thousand fighting-men!"

"You have spoken truly," agreed the old man. "I shall help you. The English have always been my friends.

"My fastest dhows will carry you up river, and I shall so arrange my trading trips that there will be a fast dhow to carry you down again when your missions shall be accomplished."

INSTEAD of offering his services to British Intelligence, Walter Greenway started out as a lone spy, determined to do his spying first, and make his contacts later.

A deaf and dumb Arab beggar, one of "the afflicted of Allah," made his appearance behind the Turkish lines in August, 1915.

Turkish soldiers and their German officers viewed him with suspicion at first, but as they realised how harmless he was, they permitted him to go and come where he liked.

Even when he penetrated their forward battle areas, they hadn't the heart to turn him out.

They liked to see him there.

The Arab beggar was so utterly frightened of anything in the shape of a firearm that German officers had great fun forcing him down miles of trenches just to watch the look of sheer terror spreading over his face when rifles cracked and machine-guns spat at the English lines.

Eventually his erratic wanderings led him to the English lines, and he strolled into headquarters.

The hurried battles of Ctesiphon, of Shaitan, and of Umm in the last two months of 1915 followed the dumb beggar's casual visits to British Intelligence chiefs.

Yet Greenway did not disclose his true nationality.

Intelligence officers knew only that they had acquired a first-class Arab spy who could ramble in the Turkish lines as he wished.

THEY sent him back again.

Unfortunately the Turks heard of the Arab beggar's visit to the English lines. They felt that he had given away the precious information that led to the November offensive.

When he reappeared at Sanniyat, they decided to try to make the dumb speak.

When four days intensive questioning proved futile, they deprived him of food and forced him to drink foul, stagnant water, thus bringing on the dysentery that was to kill him eighteen months later.

They tied him to the wheel of a field-gun, and fired round after round until his nose and ears bled with the concussion.

They turned him over to Arab irregulars to see what "native persuasion" could do.

The Arabs tried pouring boiling water over Greenway's knee-joints. They tried holding the soles of his feet on burning ashes. They tried heating their bayonets to white heat and applying them to the small of his back.

All they received for their trouble were a few moans.

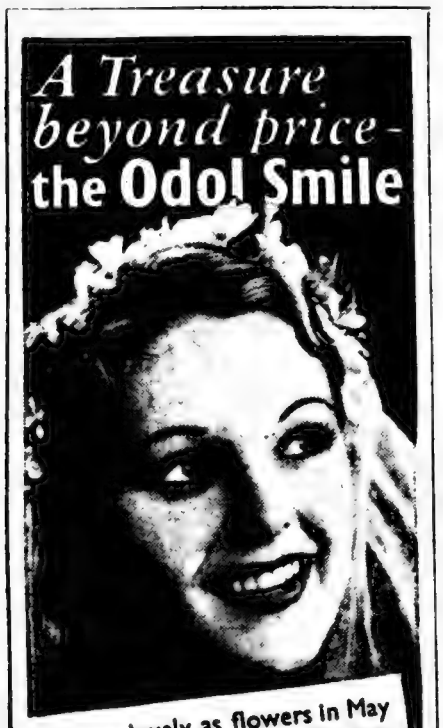
Time after time, Greenway collapsed, but never once did he speak.

Even when his torturers used pincers to tear out three of his fingernails he did not utter a single word.

When the torture failed, the Turks became convinced that he was really what he pretended to be, and they tried to make amends.

When he felt he was able to move about again, the Arab beggar dragged himself about the front areas making a close inspection of everything of military importance. But he was in a pitiful condition.

(Continued on page 28)



—yet as lovely as flowers in May—that is the Odol Smile. To possess it and keep it requires of you a simple care—the daily use of Odol Tooth-paste.

Odol Tooth-paste, in tubes, 6d. and 1/- from all chemists or stores.

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

Keep the Winning Odol Smile!

JB

Does your dog get enough exercise these days?

DOES YOUR DOG get enough exercise? Is he a 'plus' dog? Black-outs are bound to mean lack of exercise; rationing means an ill-balanced diet. Unless you take immediate steps to counteract these two factors, your dog's health is sure to suffer.

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now more necessary than ever. One Bob Martin's once a day will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by faulty feeding and restricted exercise. Let Bob Martin's make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. These famous little powders will give him better health, better coat, better spirits.

Bob Martin's

one a day makes a 'plus' dog

From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets of 9 powders 6d., and 21 powders 1/-.

Nourishment for the Nation

Millions of people in millions of homes find that Oxo helps them to get that *extra* nourishment and flavour from their meals. Now, more than ever Oxo becomes the perfect food reserve. Keep a few extra Oxo cubes in your larder.

OXO

SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever today is the significance of the name Player to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 10 for 7/ 20 for 1/3

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC51/B.

SPRINGY clean

Your Smile!

with the SPRINGY BRISTLES of a

HALEX TOOTHBRUSH

Three shapes at a shilling

OTHERS 6d. to 2/-

All in the 'Streamline' case

for your HALEXERCISE

STOP YOUR COUGH

And—

SOOTHE YOUR THROAT

Cough!—Cough!—COUGH! It rasps at your throat—"tears your chest to pieces," makes your chest muscles tight and sore—sends shooting pains piercing through your head. You *must* STOP your COUGH! You need a dose of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE *instantly*, VENOS to soothe! VENOS to end the awful coughing. VENOS to stand guard in your chest—arresting the development of dangerous germs—allaying inflammation, easing congestion and PROTECTING YOUR LUNGS! Get a bottle of VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE TO-DAY!

The Family Remedy For COUGHS COLDS 'FLU ASTHMA BRONCHITIS CATARRH CHILDREN'S COUGHS ETC.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sold Everywhere 1/3 & 3/- Per Bottle

IRIUM
THE BEST BARRAGE AGAINST DULL TEETH!
SIXPENCE SAYS...
and sixpence buys it!
GET A 6d PEPSODENT
THE IRIUM TOOTH PASTE AND TOOTH POWDER

Ten days from now you can have whiter, cleaner teeth if you start at once using Pepsodent. Away with stains and filmy-feeling, they're dissolved at the first touch of Pepsodent's tingling foam. Irium is Pepsodent's newly discovered cleansing miracle, quick to act and extra pleasant.

Get the extra value of IRIUM with Pepsodent

– still only 6d.!

169-C-38

DOES YOUR STUFFY NOSE SPOIL SLEEP

. . . and make you snore?

HERE'S GOOD NEWS: If your nose is stuffed up at night and makes breathing difficult, put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol brand nasal medicament up each nostril.

RESULTS ARE SO GOOD because Vick-Vatronol is expressly designed for the nose and upper throat, where congestion often hinders breathing. You can actually *feel* Vick-Vatronol clearing clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, so you can breathe freely again.

TRY IT TONIGHT—enjoy the comfort Vick-Vatronol brings. Wonderful relief for head colds, too.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol to "Vick," 212, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1.

Carrots into Vitamins

In Your Garden. By Richard Sudell

AMONG the most valuable vegetables for vitamins, the carrot should find a place in every garden and allotment.

There are many varieties, including early and late maturing types, and for many years French gardeners have been forcing the roots for early markets.

They can be grown for early work on a hotbed in a frame or under a frame without heat. The best variety for the heated frame is "Perfect Gem."

For outdoor sowing use James' Scarlet Intermediate.

Carrots prefer a soil that is well drained and deeply dug.

For frame culture, the soil should be sifted through a half-inch riddle and consist of two parts chopped loam, one part leaf mould and a dash of sand.

A little potash dusted thinly over the soil is beneficial.

Cover the seeds with less than half an inch of soil. They can either be sown broadcast thickly or in drills a foot apart.

In the cold frame, carrots can be sown thinly between other crops, such as lettuces, seedling cabbages or cauliflowers.

They must be left to mature where they are sown.

Another root crop that should receive attention now is the parsnip. Hardy, it can be sown early.

It is easy to grow and rich in food values, but as it needs a long season of growth, it is no use for forcing.

It should be sown outdoors in drills 18 in. apart.

To economise in seeds, sow at stations 6 in. apart in the row. Thin out when large enough to the healthiest seedling.

"Tender and True" is the best variety for deep soils; "Turnip Rooted" most suitable for shallow soils.

Seeds can be sown early in March.

To encourage growth, a little dressing of artificial fertiliser can be sprinkled along the drills during the growing season to be washed in by the rain or worked in by hoe.

Where land is stony and it is desired to obtain straight and well-formed roots, make holes with a crowbar about 1 ft. deep and 18 in. apart. Fill these with prepared compost and sow a pinch of seed in each hole.

This is the way to grow exhibition roots on stony soils.

Continuing Spy Story from Page 26

Jailbird Dies a Hero!

Greenway stuck it out until the end of January, 1916, when he crawled across into the English lines more dead than alive.

As soon as he had managed to stammer out his report, the English Army doctors amputated an arm in the effort to stop the trouble started by the Arab tortures. Meanwhile, the Army chiefs launched another offensive, using his information.

Such adventure would have been enough for any ordinary man, but not for Walter Greenway.

He and his wife were in the native bazaar at Aden in April, 1916, when they heard two supposed Englishmen talking German.

Amazed at hearing the enemy tongue in Allied territory, he tracked them to an old warehouse.

EVEN though handicapped by having only one arm he scaled a drain-pipe, entered the warehouse through an upper window, and hid himself in a large cupboard in what was evidently a living-room. He discovered the men were German officers masquerading as Englishmen!

Two hours later, he heard them discussing plans for destroying Allied shipping by using nineteen alarm-clock time-bombs that had arrived from the new arsenal at Baghdad.

Walter Greenway immediately envisaged the destruction that nineteen time-bombs would cause in Baghdad. And he decided to deal with the spies in his own way instead of reporting them to the authorities.

He slipped out of the warehouse, collected seven of Sheik Ibrahim's tribesmen, "dealt" with the spies and confiscated their bombs and the uniform of a German major.

ONCE more he went to his father-in-law.

After outlining what he had overheard, he added: "These things come from the arsenal at Baghdad. It is fitting they should go back after we have set the clocks going!"

"A worthy project," smiled the old sheik. "But are you strong enough to make such a journey? You must take the bombs to Baghdad by river. You could not do so by land, and you are a sick man. Unless the dysentery goes soon you must die?"

"Can a man die better death than in striking a blow for his people?" came the quiet rejoinder.

"Well spoken," said Ibrahim a little sadly. "You must take my motor-boat. It has but a shallow draught. Above Ezra's Tomb the Tigris measures but four feet deep. The motor-boat will get you through. A dhow could not. I shall take you in the motor-boat to the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab. From there, you go alone."

A fresh attack of dysentery kept Walter Greenway in Mocha until the following month, and it was not until June that he said good-bye to Sheik Ibrahim, at the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab.

It took him three weeks to travel the five hundred miles to Baghdad. Once there he donned the stolen uniform and routed out of bed the Turkish colonel in charge of the arsenal.

"I have a number of high explosive time-bombs intended for use against the Allied shipping," he said in the best Junker manner. "Kindly have them stored in a place of safety while I am in Baghdad."

"They'll have to go in the High Explosive Magazine," replied the colonel ungraciously. "I'll write you an order straight away, but I'll take no responsibility for them. When you want them, come in the daytime, not in the middle of the night!"

Rushing back to his boat, Greenway set every clock for 1.15 (mid-day), and drummed up a party to carry the boxes to the arsenal.

When he had seen them stored to his satisfaction, he started up his engine and fled down river.

The time-bombs went off sharp at 1.15, and with them went the entire arsenal, the military barracks, and half Baghdad.

SHELLS were thrown two miles across the river by the terrific blast.

One of them even hit the hospital, a mile and a half from the arsenal, where the British wounded were.

Walter Greenway's triumph was short-lived.

Reaching his new home in the mountains, in August, he was stricken down by his last attack of dysentery.

The faithful Iza bundled him on a horse, and being unable to ride, tramped seventy miles with him to the nearest Allied Mission Hospital.

It was too late.

Walter Greenway, Criminal Turned Hero, died there on August 25, 1916, and was given an Arab burial.

Mystery Solution

See page 24

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY knew that Bentley must have shot Miss Black and tried to "fake" an accident by firing a second bullet through his pocket.

If only one shot had been fired, there would have been powder-marks only on the inner lining of Bentley's pocket, none on Miss Black's A.T.S. cap.

POOLS NOTES

"By Poolex"

USEFUL dividends can be earned on the "Easy Six" pool on the "Unity" coupon by tackling the pool with a combination of bankers and two-way forecasts, with perhaps one or two games fully covered.

If you select one result for a match, and "bank" on that forecast being correct, such a forecast is called a "banker."

A "two-way forecast" is made when you select the *two* most likely possibilities. You may decide that the home team should win or draw, but it won't lose. The two-way forecast in this case would be 1 or x.

The other possible two-way forecasts are 2-x and 1-2.

The only other way of marking a match is to cover all the possibilities, 1, x and 2. This is a three-way marking, not a forecast.

When permuting forecasts, remember that each two-way forecast doubles the number of columns required, and each three-way marking trebles the number.

Suppose you have selected three bankers, two two-way forecasts and one three-way marking. The number of columns required is 2 x 2 x 3 (equals 12 columns). Written out in full the permutation would be like this:—

Forecast.

1			1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2			2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
1			1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	x	2	1	1	1	1	x	x	x	x	2	2	2	2
1	2		1	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	1	2	2
2	x		2	x	2	x	2	x	2	x	2	x	2	x

It is not necessary to write out the full permutation on your coupon. If the entry is made as shown under the word "forecast" in the example, with a note at the side "12-column permutation, total stake 3s.," it will be accepted. Pool checkers know that this represents the full permutation with a stake of 3d. a column.

There are many other suitable permutations for the "Easy Six." Here is a selection, showing the number of columns required in each case:—

Bankers.	Two-way forecasts.	Three-way markings.	Columns required.
4	2	0	4
4	1	1	6
4	0	2	9
3	3	0	8
3	2	1	12
3	1	2	18
2	4	0	16

HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW—in WAR TIME!

by Molly Montague

Husbands Sue For Support!

I HAVE just been over to Paris to see for myself exactly what is happening there. And what I found was both stimulating and novel. Let us begin with the novel aspect.

I was at the courts one day when a most unusual case came on. A husband was suing his wife for support! What is more, he won his case. In civil life the husband was an actor, but now he is a soldier earning a French soldier's pay of less than a penny a day. He had not heard from his wife since he was called up, and she is earning £3 a week in a Government Department. Under the French civil code husband and wife owe each other "mutual fidelity, succour and assistance." Accordingly the magistrate ordered the wife to pay her soldier-husband 12s. a month. France, it seems, is truly democratic, even in the home! I feel sure, however, that many British wives are prepared to "share and share alike," if need be.

Home Hints From Abroad

NOW for some excellent household tips I heard while I was over there. The French, being a peasant race, are naturally very domesticated, and these tips concern the care of glass, silver and cutlery.

When you wash glasses, do it in warm, soapy water and rinse them in some more warm water to which you have added a bit of washing blue. This gives them a wonderful brilliance and shows the glass off in its full beauty. And silver. When silver is tarnished don't rub it with metal polishes. If you do, in course of time the plate—if it is plate—will come off and its loveliness will be gone. No, just get some hot water and add to it a teaspoonful of baking soda and a teaspoonful of salt for every pint. Now stand your silver in it until all the tarnish has disappeared—hey presto! Then, wash the objects in warm, soapy water, rinse them, and dry with a soft cloth. They will sparkle beautifully.

Another Chance

IN my last chat I mentioned a remarkable remedy for rheumatism. I told the romantic story of its discovery and was able to arrange for a free sample to be sent to any of my readers who were interested.

Well, the response my offer met with was so great and enthusiastic that I am sure that there must be many more people who, if they do not suffer from rheumatism themselves, have friends who are afflicted. Therefore I am prompted to retell the story for the benefit of those of you who missed it on the previous occasion. I am also delighted to be able to say that I have been able to arrange for a further quantity of free samples for those of my readers who care to avail themselves of this outstandingly successful rheumatic remedy Now for the story.

Married Happiness Clouded

A FEW years ago a young friend of mine married a girl he had known since childhood. They were an ideal couple, and it was a real pleasure to see their idyllic happiness. But shortly after the marriage the young wife became troubled with rheumatism.

She tried various treatments, but without any success. Visits to expensive spas followed, and all manner of ways of obtaining relief was tried unstintingly.

The young husband—like most young men at the beginning of their careers—was not rich, and the continued suffering worked havoc with the family income. Yet he never complained, and in fact grew desperate as he watched his dear wife's condition gradually grow worse until it developed into chronic rheumatism itself. Doctors and specialists strove hard, but no alleviation was obtained even from their expert ministrations.

The Reward of Fortitude

BUT my friend bore her burden with great fortitude and continued to try everything that might bring relief. One day, quite unexpectedly, a chance acquaintance recommended a treatment that had the approval of over 6,000 doctors. With hopes rising the young couple applied for a sample and received by return some tasteless gelatine capsules. After the first dose the heroic little woman was feeling better. She persisted in the treatment. In a fortnight the improvement in her condition caused delighted comment from all visitors. After two months the complaint had disappeared! Thus were patience and sacrifice rewarded.

Your Opportunity

THE treatment which achieved such wonderful success is marketed under the name of "Curicones." I understand it is obtainable from all chemists. It has earned the written praise of many eminent medical men, including a Harley Street Specialist, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of rheumatic disorders, such as rheumatism itself, arthritis, gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis and swollen joints.

I am glad to say that if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, you have but to fill in your own or your friend's name and address on my shopping coupon below, then send it to me as directed on the coupon, and by return there will be sent a free trial supply of health restoring "Curicones." I have also arranged that this generous gift will be accompanied by an interesting little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic troubles.

Send the coupon now—and so bring relief to those who need it. Don't seal the envelope and a halfpenny stamp will be enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present. MOLLY MONTAGUE.

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago—some of the most prevalent of modern ills. Above you see an A.R.P. worker "off duty" through Rheumatism.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.3,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

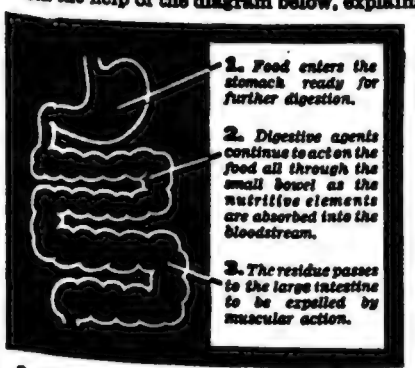
Name.....

Address.....

.....

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED BY A FOOD

1. A **CONSTIPATION SUFFERER** looks surprised when the nurse she has just consulted tells her that the best way to get relief from constipation is with a FOOD. The nurse, with the help of the diagram below, explains what it is that really causes constipation.


1. Food enters the stomach ready for further digestion.
2. Digestive agents continue to act on the food all through the small bowel as the nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream.
3. The residue passes to the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action.

2. **"WHEN THE NUTRIMENT** of the food has been absorbed into the system," she explains, "the residue passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles have nothing to 'take hold of'—constipation results."

OUR daily staples — meat, white bread, milk and so on — contain hardly any bulk. And unless the bowel muscles are supplied with bulk they have nothing to "take hold of." They cease to work, you become constipated.

Purgatives and drugs will not give you *permanent* relief. They irritate the bowels into action, but once that action is over you soon need another purgative. What's more, constant irritation of the bowels may cause serious harm.

That is why doctors today recommend All-Bran. They know that this crisp new breakfast cereal brings about a normal, regular movement of the bowels because it contains just the bulk they need to make them work.

If you suffer from common constipation, eat All-Bran every morning — with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Do this every day, drink plenty of fluids, and you'll forget what it is to be constipated! Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran. 7½d.

3. **ALL-BRAN** *is a natural bulk food.* It supplies the bulk that intestinal muscles need to "take hold of," and so brings about a normal, *natural* movement. All-Bran is not a drug, not a medicine, but a crisp breakfast food that you'll enjoy eating for breakfast every morning.

4. **NOW I'M FULL OF "GO."** "Headaches used to be my bugbear and I was certain constipation was the cause. I tried all sorts of things but could not get relief. Then I started eating All-Bran every morning. In an amazingly short time I was 'regular' and now I'm always fit and full of 'go.'"

WHEN YOU FEEL 'DEAD-BEAT'..

Always Remember Phensic

There's nothing like two tablets of Phensic when you feel 'washed-out', as you can quickly prove! Phensic stops pain, soothes away symptoms of exhaustion, brings sweet, restoring sleep, protects you against illness and collapse. Recommended by highest medical authority. 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/- everywhere.

THE QUICK TONIC PICK-ME-UP

2 Tablets bring magic relief from

WEARINESS
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
COLDS, CHILLS

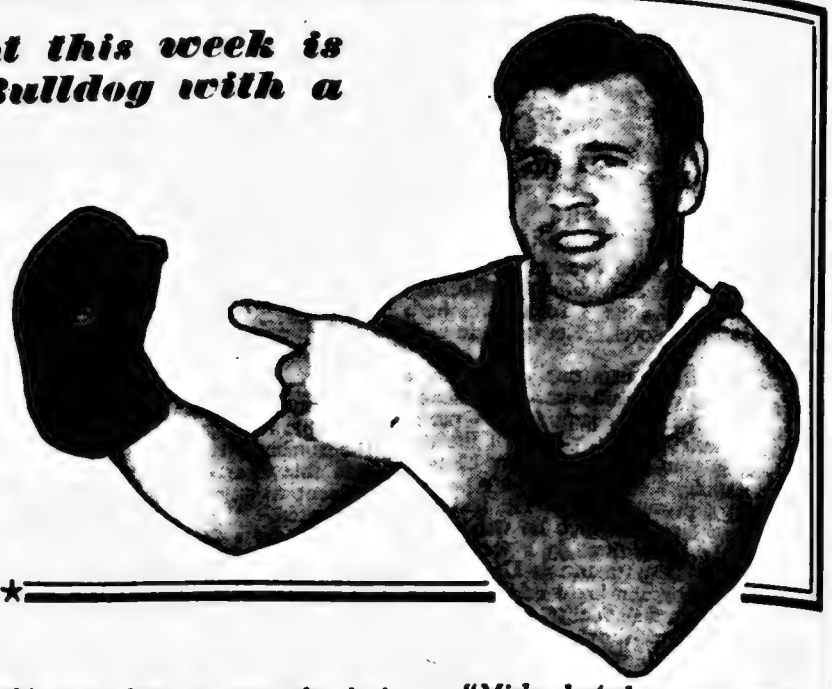
Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

A. W. HELLIWELL'S fighting giant this week is handsome Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog with a hundred suits and a £20-a-week chef

DANDY DEMON of the RING



"Mickey looked supremely sure of himself . . . . there was nothing he looked forward to more than a toe-to-toe slug"

MICKEY WALKER'S trouble was that the brimming cup of fame and fortune was thrust too suddenly into his massive hands.

From country bumpkin to world champion is a climb that would turn the head of any young man.

When he makes the journey in three years, it is no wonder that he reaches the top dazzled and bewildered.

And that is exactly what happened to dark-haired, handsome Mickey, the champagne-drinking Beau Brummell of the ring, who was born in New Jersey at the beginning of the century.

A spectacular, tear-away scrapper with a terrible left hook, Walker must have earned nearly half a million pounds with his fists.

He should have retired with a bank balance fat enough to keep him in luxury.

Yet his fortune melted like snow beneath a summer sun, and he was forced to keep on fighting for a living long past his prime.

When he came to London to defend his middle-weight world title against lion-hearted Tommy Milligan, he spent £600 a week on his magnificent training quarters at Tagg's Island, near Hampton Court.

Never has a champion trained in such luxury. Between training spars and vigorous work-outs, Walker entertained Russian royalty and other titled guests.

He paid his chef £20 a week to prepare his meals, and held champagne parties at which the wine bill alone often totalled £100.

He brought with him in a vanload of enormous cabin trunks a wardrobe of a hundred suits built by New York's most exclusive tailor, and he had a pair of shoes for every suit.

EVEN so, he spent a small fortune among the tailors and outfitters of London's West End, going home with nearly twice as many clothes as he brought.

Loving good things and bright lights too well was Mickey's only fault. Apart from this, he was a modest fellow.

He had a heart of gold.

"I'm just a country boy who got a break," he would say with the wide, infectious grin that was rarely absent from his rugged, handsome features.

For all his champagne parties and his dandy tastes, Walker is best remembered as one of the most tigerish fighters.

There was nothing he loved better than a toe-to-toe slug, as plucky Tommy Milligan learned to his bitter sorrow when they met at Olympia in 1927.

Mickey had then been among the champions for five years, having won the world welter title from Jack Britton in 1922.

He looked supremely sure of himself as he ducked under the ropes with a towel draped over his dark curls and a gay banana-yellow robe flowing from his broad shoulders.

Pale and preoccupied though he was before the gong, Milligan started at a whirlwind pace, and in the first two minutes he opened an old cut over Walker's right eye with a left hook.

Olympia echoed to the roar of the crowd as they saw a thin trickle of blood on the champion's cheek, but in the same instant he was after Milligan with both fists working.

MICKEY exploded into action like dynamite.

Milligan was helpless against his ruthless attack. Walker's murderous punches sheared through his defence, slamming him back to the ropes and catching him with short, jolting jabs as he bounced off again.

In the seventh round Milligan went down for the first time with a smashing left hook.

As Tommy got to his feet, Walker was on him like a tiger, slamming a hard right and then another of those terrible lefts to his chin.

The Scot crashed to the canvas again.

Although three numbing blows had drained the strength from his arms and legs, his fighting heart still beat as bravely, and he hauled himself erect with grim-set mouth and blazing eyes.

A moment later he had the champion back against the ropes, plastering his ribs with thudding blows.

Walker's jaw sagged in astonishment. He couldn't believe this ferocious onslaught came from a man who had seemed almost out on his feet.

But Mickey remained on the defensive only a few seconds. That murderous left flashed again, rocking Milligan back on his heels.

He swayed as he walked back to his corner and it seemed certain that he could not last another round.

No one would have blamed him if he had cried "Enough!" He was a mere punching-bag for one of the hardest hitters of the day.

At the end of the ninth round, in which he took more counts, he had to be half carried to his corner, but he still found his strength to stagger out when the gong sounded.

ALMOST immediately Walker dropped him.

But he beat the count again. As he rose groggily to his feet, the American battered him to his knees beneath a hail of punches.

Bereft of his senses, Milligan sagged like an empty sack, deaf to the tumult of the crowd, blind to the towel fluttering in his corner.

Walker was voted the greatest fighter of any weight soon after his return to the States.

Then he began to grow heavier.

Too much champagne and too many gay nights on Broadway made it increasingly difficult for him to keep to the middle-weight poundage. So he decided to add the heavyweight title to his laurels.

He belted his way through the ranks of the second-raters with all his old fire and earned bouts with such fighters as King Levinsky and Johnny Risko.

Having licked these, he was stacked against Max Schmeling, the same Schmeling who years later was to punch Joe Louis into pulp.

Fighting in his usual style, Mickey met the same fate.

Schmeling battered him as badly as he had battered so many opponents.

For the first time the towel was thrown in from Walker's corner.

Race with "Silver Ring"

SO far, wagering on the Lincolnshire has been light, and the quotations against the nominal favourites, Titan and Quartier-Maitre, are an expression of the bookmakers' opinions rather than an indication of inspired support.

Yet there has already been a certain liveliness in the Grand National market. The Lewes-trained mare Symaethis, which ran fifth behind Workman last year, has already had considerable backing.

Even though Symaethis is much improved, I shall leave her out of my calculations when I come to sum up the chances. I am not sure that the mare is altogether game, and she is too small to conform to my ideas of a National winner.

I said the same about Battleship, so I mustn't be dogmatic on this point.

Another well-backed thoroughly genuine candidate for the Grand National is The Professor II. To a lesser degree, Kilstar and Black Hawk have attracted support.

They were rated unlucky in last year's contest, and probably the money invested on their chances in the coming race can be traced to enterprising backers among the public.

Often the form available to the public is of greater value than "secret" stable information.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 29, to Wednesday, March 6.

X	Z	Q	C	93	B	94	M	S	R	P	O	98	T	F	U
97	L	H	J	I	95	E	D	K	V	W	A	N	96	G	Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: JOV96A98 would read CARTON.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OWAF942 would read APOGEE.

No mess
No waste
Cleans Best
Lasts Longest

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

6d and 1/-

Prices U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1 CD201H

"CLEANING GRATES is so nice and easy now"

(Mrs. BASSETT of Birmingham explains why)

"FIRST, TAKE A BRUSH OR CLOTH AND POUR SOME ZEBO LIQUID GRATE POLISH ON TO IT."
"NOW YOU SIMPLY GIVE THE GRATE AND SIDES OF THE FIREBACK A QUICK RUB OVER."
"HAS YOUR GRATE EVER HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL SHINE? NO! AND TO THINK – ZEBO CLEANS WITHOUT MESS OR BOTHER!"

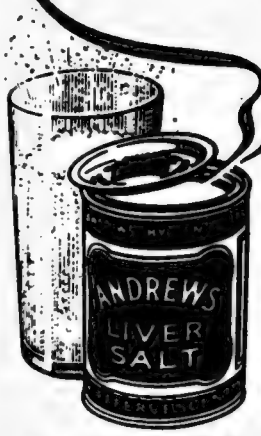
AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is economical—that's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Remember, all eyes turn to your fireplace, so why not get a tin of Zebo from your dealer today and give your own grates a rich, new gloss!

4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin

MODERN HOUSEWIVES ARE USING ZEBO LIQUID GRATE POLISH

RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

Excuse me— to keep fresh and fit Inner Cleanliness comes first!



FOLLOW the simple health rule of daily Inner Cleanliness. Then, not only will you keep fresh and look your best, but you'll feel fitter physically and mentally. From the moment you drink your tonic sparkling glass of Andrews, your Inner Cleanliness begins. See how Andrews does its purifying work:

FIRST — **Andrews cleans the tongue and mouth.**

NEXT — **Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.**

THEN — **Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.**

FINALLY — **To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons and purifies the blood.**

Take Andrews regularly — as often as you need it. It makes you fit and keeps you fit. 9d. and 1/4

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

(Bpc)

Bacon or hash, sausage and mash,
War'fare's' improved with a generous dash.

SAYS *Master Okay*

MASON'S O.K SAUCE

at all good grocers

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

VALOR

meets a National need

The war transformed VALOR Heaters into something more than the well-known popular form of portable heat. They became a necessity with the advent of evacuees, militia huts and requisitioned premises. VALOR HEATERS filled that urgent need to Public and Government alike.

With Dealers' demands greatly increased, large stocks were quickly exhausted and although the VALOR factory is one of the largest in the world producing thousands of Oil Heaters, it was inevitable that demands would temporarily exceed the supply.

Manufacture has been arranged to produce the largest possible output.

You may have had to wait a little while for your VALOR but the output is being fairly distributed.

In asking your indulgence for any delays the VALOR COMPANY thanks you for the confidence you have shown in VALOR HEATERS.

The Mystery of the woman who NEVER GROWS OLD

NOT a wrinkle at 45! Fresh, clear complexion, like that of a young girl! These are the magical effects of 'Biocel'—an amazing new youth element—discovery of a famous University Professor. 'Biocel' is now contained in Crème Tokalon Rose Colour. Nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. During the day use Crème Tokalon White Colour. Dissolves away blackheads, tightens up enlarged pores, makes dark, rough skin soft, white and velvety-smooth. Successful results guaranteed with Tokalon Skinfoods, or money refunded.

PALMOLIVE PUTS DOWN A BARRAGE ON BEARDS!

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6d 1/- 1/6

JOIN THE RANKS OF THE F.F.C. AND PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST COLDS and INFLUENZA

Over 800,000 bottles sold last year

PRICE 1/3d. A BOTTLE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

ALFRED FENNINGS · COWES · ISLE OF WIGHT

JOHN BULLS AMAZING PEN OFFER *to every reader*

CASH THE COUPONS

Don't miss this magnificent opportunity—this superb pen can be yours by return. Send now!

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 2d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA, *incl. Up.*

State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

HUMANIST advises the husband whose wife "is never at home." Can he help you with the problem that is keeping you awake o' nights? Write to him enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, and if he quotes your letter on this page you will receive a guinea. He devotes this page every week to human problems

"I am at home alone every evening. I prepare the children's supper, put them to bed, wash up. And I do nearly all the housework."

"My Wife is Playing the Fool"

HAPPINESS is like a plate-glass window. It can last for years without depreciating. Yet it can be broken in a second. Often the happiness of marriage is equally as brittle—and as fragile.

It takes two to make a marriage successful, only one to spoil it When things go wrong you cannot blame both equally

I was most impressed this week by a letter from a husband whose wife is ruining their married life.

"I am puzzled by her behaviour," he says.

"She goes out every afternoon and does not return till midnight. If I ask her where she has been, she tells me to mind my own business.

"We live in an isolated village. It is to the nearest town, some miles away, that she goes.

"Once she arrived home at two o'clock in the morning with her head bandaged. She was escorted home by her sister, who told me they had accepted a lift in a car that crashed into a wall.

"My wife was ill for several weeks, but as soon as she recovered she started the old game again.

"I am at home every evening. I prepare the children's supper, put them to bed, wash up, and am asleep myself before my wife returns.

"I do nearly all the housework, including the scrubbing of floors.

"Anything to keep peace!

"When I tell my wife she is not doing right, she flies into a temper and goes to stay with her sister for a month or six weeks.

"She has done this sort of thing six or seven times during the last three years. She must be hard-hearted to leave her sons so frequently."

No one can defend this wife.

She is neglecting her primary duties.

Yet the letter shows that she knows the husband will submit to her behaviour because he is afraid of asserting himself, and she will impose on him until he reads the Riot Act.

The remedy is in his own hands.

He must put his foot down.

A DIFFERENT story comes from a woman who describes herself as a broken-hearted wife and mother of five children.

"I have been married seventeen years—years of hardship and poverty caused by marrying a miser," she says.

If I quoted her letter in full it would fill the page. So I must content myself with a summary.

The husband is earning good money and is buying houses.

Yet he rarely spends a penny on his own home.

"None of the children ever had a new pram or cot, and toys were quite out of the question," she adds.

Two of the children died.

"Not even a bunch of flowers at their father's expense, and not a bit of black to show respect."

Three surviving children were sent to live with the husband's mother so that their own mother could go out to work. The children were not allowed to see their own mother for three years. That would have "wasted" money on travelling expenses.

The husband frequently ordered the wife out of the house, and tried a dozen tricks to get rid of her. She secured a temporary separation on grounds of wilful neglect, but the man promised to furnish a home and (for the first time) to give her money for housekeeping.

"THEN he found me a job," she continued, "and insisted on my working. I received no money from him, and he made no attempt to furnish the home.

"I bought floor covering and a bedroom suite on hire-purchase terms, but my health broke under the strain. I had to go into a hospital for an operation.

"I was there for six weeks, and I dreaded going back home. . . .

"I had no decent clothes, and, when I go shopping, I have to wear my husband's old shoes and socks. I am a penniless prisoner. I cannot afford even to buy milk. . . ."

But I think I have quoted enough to show the sort of life the woman is living, condemned to work for starvation wages, deprived of her children, and made to feel that she has no rights.

The husband is a monomaniac.

You can be angry with him for his insane cruelty to his wife, but he should be pitied

He is making money, but missing life. When he reaches the end there will be no one to regret his going.

No woman ought to allow herself to be so enslaved and exploited.

I am glad that the writer of my final letter this week does not ask me to solve his problem. He tells his story without wasting words.

"Shortly after the World War No. 1," he writes, "I was a widower, and then being fifty-eight years of age not knowing any better I 'went and got married again.'

"My new wife was twenty-three—a mere thirty-five years between us.

"They say there is no fool like an old fool, and well I know it now.

"BUT I'm not crying. I asked for it, and I got it.

"On the arrival of the first of our three children I was relegated to the back seat. I have been there ever since.

"The eldest is now twenty and treats me with all the impudence imaginable.

"She says she is not going to work to keep me in idleness.

"When I remind her that I have kept her for twenty years, she retorts that I could not help myself, that I had to keep her whether I liked it or not.

"The youngest is nearly fourteen, and from the three of them I get nothing but insolence and insults. Never once has their mother attempted to check them. If I venture to chide them she defends them.

"They are unmitigated nuisances, rude, disobedient, selfish, and with no respect for my age.

"I cannot argue with their mother.

"Immediately I speak she raises her voice and the argument becomes a shouting match. When you are within a couple of years of being an octogenarian you do not want to quarrel.

"Unfortunately I cannot enlist. I did manage it last time, even though I was nearly fifty-three, but now I am too weak on my pins."

The man blames himself for what has happened, and my feeling is that a man of nearly sixty ought not to start a new family.

At that age he ought to be interested only in grandchildren.

I don't like the idea of a woman of twenty-three marrying a man of fifty-eight, unless she has the instincts of a nurse.

I cannot help feeling intensely sorry for the old man. His plight seems a melancholy anti-climax to a long life.

Should it not serve as a warning to others?

10 drops act in 15 minutes

Phosferine has a wonderful effect if you are run down and off your food. You begin to feel better almost at once. And with every dose you get stronger and stronger. Never hesitate, but take Phosferine if you are jaded, off colour and feel generally out of sorts. There's nothing like it for putting life into you.

Five Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 1/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, **TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/**

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Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

JB

"SILF" Reduced

BUST . . 8 inches
HIPS . . . 6 inches
WAIST . 9 inches

Grateful lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful SILF reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 43 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 28 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless.

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box. (You save money by purchasing the larger sizes) or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 48E), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. *(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

JB

RHEUMATISM

Nurse's Heartening Letter

When a Red Cross Nurse devotes a few minutes of her valuable time to write saying how she found relief from painful and long-standing Rheumatism, her message shines out as a beacon of hope to all rheumatic sufferers.

Here it is in Nurse Boulton's own words: "I suffered for years from rheumatism, until on the advice of my doctor, I started taking Fynnon Salt. After taking it regularly for just over 3 months, I can scarcely tell you how pleased I am. Apart from the pain being so much less, it is now quite easy for me to move my limbs. I am pleased to recommend Fynnon to all sufferers."

Nurse Boulton is not alone in her praise of Fynnon Home Spa Treatment. She speaks for thousands who have found that the wonderful Spa elements in Fynnon (Sodium, Potassium and Lithium) *really* succeed in routing out the poisons and waste matter which give rise to the cramping pain and cruel twinges of rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. A month's supply of Fynnon Salt (large tin) costs only 1/3. Begin to-morrow to take a daily teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water and see how soon pain disappears and suppleness returns.

JB

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'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases war work and worries are resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing thin patches and threatening baldness.
Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles — unless you take care.
The treatment — for men and women alike — is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the root is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin — the result of years of research by brilliant bio-chemists — is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the fourteen organic elements which the hair root must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your scalp healthy and restore lost hair, start rubbing in Silvikrin to-day.
To prevent dandruff and falling hair — use Silvikrin Lotion — 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.
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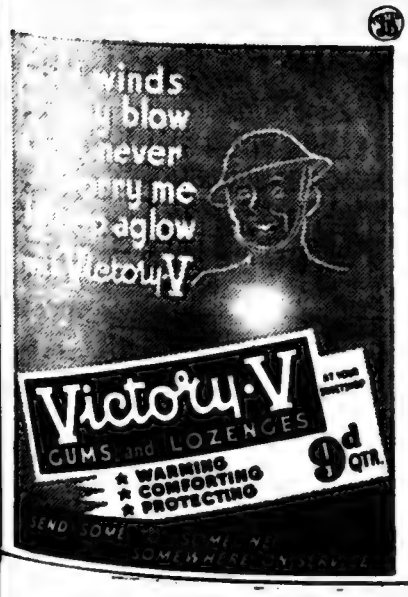
From all Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores.
L-101-L

USE BEFORE SMILING. MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH.

Isn't it a fact that the instant you smile, eyes light upon your teeth. If you are afraid to show your teeth, here is good news. Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid does to the acid stain and film on tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white. There is one toothpaste called Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is such a marvellous whitener of tooth enamel because it instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids which encourage ugly stains, dirty colour and tartar. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia to-day and try it. Results will show why over twelve thousand dentists are urging their patients to use it every day. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.



A GREAT shaft of light sweeps across the sky in search of its prey. Soon the heavens are lit up by scores of brilliant beams, which bob and twist and cross each other in bewildering display. Small chance has enemy aircraft to avoid being seen in such a blaze. The searchlight men are making sure of that!

Everywhere guns, planes, Observer Corps, A.R.P. Organisations are marshalled ready to act on the word of command—Britain is prepared. Can you say the same for yourself? Have you done everything possible to safeguard yourself, your family? Why not secure to-day "John Bull's" vital gift of Wartime Security?

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£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
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£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

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Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

Make Your Own Cough Medicine for the Children

Here is a good recipe against coughs, colds, whooping cough and bronchitis that our readers can make themselves. Buy from your chemist one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) and mix this at home with half a pint of hot water and three to four ounces of sugar. Stir well until completely dissolved. The result is a large bottle of the most effective cough medicine, which has such a nice taste that all children will love to take it. Parmint syrup quickly checks the child's cough, soothes the chest and clears away the troublesome phlegm. This Parmint recipe is very easy to make and very economical. Dosage for children 8—12 years one dessertspoonful, 4—8 years one teaspoonful four times a day. Cut out this recipe to remind you to buy one ounce of Parmint from your chemist and keep it handy for the first cough or sneeze.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

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READER'S WAR TIME STORY

TED was a Mystery Man

"When we reached the wreck the excitement was over. . . . Ted was so pleased you might have thought he did it himself"

I FIRST met Ted Parr the week war broke out.

With an impetuosity I cannot yet understand. I slammed my desk in a London office, rushed down to the docks to join the Merchant Service, dashed into an East End "pub." for advice—anybody's advice—on how to go to sea, and addressed myself to a heavy-set man with tattooed rings on his fingers.

All this on the strength of no greater knowledge of seafaring than that I was an inveterate reader of Jack London's stories.

And the man I spoke to was Ted Parr.

I liked him from the moment he replied to my first questions.

"The sea?" he asked, in a husky voice that seemed to seep from deep down within him, over rusty files and sandpaper. "What made you think I knew anything about the sea? Never been to sea in my life. Know nothing about it."

He raised his pint to the light and looked lovingly through it.

"But I tell you what," he said. "I'll go with you. I'll join with you. I've had it in mind myself."

Formalities were soon completed.

Skippers were hungry for men in war time, and Ted seemed to show the knowledge of a man who had been to sea before.

"I've only read about it," he said.

He gave me masterly advice on what kit to get and what not to get.

"It's only common - sense," he added.

"Are you sure you've never been to sea before?" I asked.

He almost became angry.

"Why should I say I haven't if I have?" he asked. "I may have crossed Woolwich Free Ferry. I've probably crossed the Humber. But there's no point in a man saying he's never been a sailor if he has."

Once he caught me looking intently at his arms.

There were two girls' names, one festooned with ivy. There was an anchor in red.

There was *Implacable* on a scroll, and the Union Jack and French tri-colour crossed.

"A drunken spree at a naval port, a visit to a tattooist, and they made me look like a sailor," he said. "I once knew a commercial traveller who was tattooed in the same way. And wasn't his missus wild!"

"Fancy having two girls' names tattooed on you all in one night!" I remarked.

"Not strange, really," he answered. "One's a sister, and the other isn't."

SO we left the Red Ensign Club one morning when a gale was blowing to embark on our "first" voyage, missed a mine at the mouth of the Thames by inches, and decided by some clever guesswork that we were bound for Teneriffe.

It proved to be true, yet only part of the truth. Our destination was far beyond Teneriffe, through the waters in which the *Graf Spee* was operating.

Our ship's radio brought news that the *Nordic Star* had been sunk by a commerce raider.

There had been news of other attacks by the same raider, and we were to hear of more. Such news always had a strange effect on Ted. It made him almost bloodthirsty, yet for all his size and strength he seemed a most peace-loving man.

"If it's *Deutschland* that's doing it," he said, "I'd see this ship go to the bottom and every man in it, including myself, just to know that she was blown up. If it was *Graf von Spee*, I'd suffer tortures untold to see her sunk."

I asked him why his vengeance was stronger against one pocket battleship than another.

"I've got my reasons," he said.

Lisbon, Teneriffe, and after that we knew that we were bound for Rio.

And then, a blur on the horizon.

Orders were shouted. Engines pounded. Maximum jets were fitted to give us the last ounce of engine power.

A commerce raider . . . probably 'Deutschland.' And without doubt she was after us!

It was the *Graf Spee*, we learned later. For two hours she had us in mind as her next victim.

Then she changed her course to take a look at a bigger ship, a Portuguese merchantman, and the rest can be guessed.

Out of sight of her, we changed our course: later changed it yet again. Perhaps it was beneath her dignity to search for us for long, but we escaped her.

Eventually, we passed between age-old forts and through one of the finest harbours in the world to anchor in the bay at Rio.

Then on to Montevideo. Then on to our final port of call, Buenos Aires.

For days on end steaming carcases of freshly killed beef were brought on board. Then sensation!

We were told about the trouncing of *Graf Spee* by *Exeter*, *Ajax* and *Achilles*, and we cheered till the old funnel shook.

TED couldn't speak at all for ten minutes. For an hour after that he could do nothing but stutter. For the rest of the day he was like a man in a trance.

"I'd rather they had got her than the whole German Fleet put together," he said.

You had only to look at him to know that this was the greatest event of his life. But why? He had never been to sea in his life before and had no interest in the sea, apart from doing a job of war work.

At last the time came for us to leave.

Without incident, we neared Montevideo. Dusk was about an hour away, and our engines were chugging almost dreamily, when there was a shout.

Ted brought me the news.

"Explosions," he stuttered. "They're knocking hell out of 'Graf von Spee'" (he always included the "von."). "I hope we get there in time to see the fun."

Now flames stained the fading sky. Now torrents of black smoke rose to heaven. When we reached the wreck, the excitement was over.

Graf von Spee had settled in the mud, and we could see only smoke pouring from the outline of her decks.

And there on the deck was Ted.

By the sound of his voice he might have done it all himself.

"Admiral Graf von Spee," he said, slowly. "Admiral von Spee, eh? You got me in the Battle of the Falkland Isles, didn't you? And after that nobody wanted Ted Parr with his patched-up elbow and plate in his head."

AWARE that I was listening and wondering, he turned on me with a fierceness that was unlike him.

"No, they didn't damn well want me when they had mended me. There was no room on the high seas for me, a man who hates the sight of dry land. It was the hospital and the 'dole,' the 'dole' and the hospital, and sometimes the road, with nothing in the pocket but the pennies you have cadged.

"Twenty years of it. More than twenty years of it.

"And eating my heart out all the time. That's what Admiral von Spee did for me. It took another war to give me the chance to come to sea again, and ain't I glad. Ain't I damned well glad——"

Merchant Service Seaman R.184,166

receives five guineas for this week's true war time story. Put the story of your most thrilling war time adventure into a thousand words, and send it to "John Bull" with a stamped addressed envelope.

Nurse says

De Witt's Pills for BACKACHE

"I was taken ill with a bad back. I could not stand up and was two days in bed. My sister persuaded me to try De Witts Pills and I now feel better than I have been for a long time. I am working again and feel as good as ever. I recommend them to my patients."—Nurse A. A.

De Witts Pills are quick in action. In 24 hours after taking the first dose you see results. Your kidneys are being helped to filter from the body the poisons and impurities that cause backache. With kidneys working properly the cause of your pain and weakness is cleared right out of your system. That, briefly, is how De Witts Pills act.

DE WITTS KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

A Typical IRVONA Figure of Beauty.

In a month I had put on 20 lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success." "After repeated failure I was persuaded to try Irvona and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are skinny, with sunken chest, "spindle-like" limbs, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Irvona will give you a strong, healthy figure and increased stamina and physique.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:

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FREE Booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme Wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet D3—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW,
ON PAGE 3.
There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence, knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page. Play on a RILEY HOME BILLIARD TABLE, obtainable from 8 6 down. Warm your greenhouse, garage or A.R.P. shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co.'s new FUMELESS HEATER, costing only 10/6. Ask MR. H. BECKER how you can learn to PLAY THE PIANO in a few weeks. Make EXTRA MONEY by running a CLUB in spare time. ATLAS STORES offer you this splendid opportunity. These and many other interesting announcements appear in
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

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YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars or advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future.—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject. See page 6.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

PERSONAL.

MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots', Timothy White's and Taylor's.

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F and H.M. NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY: there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.T.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

ACCEPT this unique Health offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C.1 (The English Grain Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

SUFFERERS from indigestion should not overlook the Moorland announcement on page 33.

YOU know how deposits form inside a kettle. That's how tartar forms behind your teeth—where you don't see it. When tartar accumulates it causes gum troubles, followed by decay. Clean your teeth daily with Solidox. It removes all tartar and makes teeth look lovely. It protects unseen accumulations of tartar. Buy a tube to-day. A big tube costs only 6d. See p. 23.

CONSTIPATION! Purgatives and drugs do not always give you permanent relief. With Kellogg's All-Bran, the new breakfast cereal, you will forget what it is to be constipated. One enjoyable way of eating All-Bran is with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal. Do this regularly and also drink plenty of fluids. See page 29.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it. See Back Cover.

RHEUMATIC Sufferers. Accept this free offer. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Molly Montague, Dept. J.B.3, 19, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, for a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet. Read her article, giving useful hints and tips, on p. 29.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS!

THOUSANDS OF ORDERS
are
POSTED DAILY.

Why limit trade to Local requirements? In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* (Room 23), 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

BEAT the U-boat Campaign.—Grow more food. New Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., Seedsmen (Dept. J.B.), Edinburgh, 7.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.5), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices, 86/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

PERFECT figure control with a perfect corset. Beasley's (Corset Dept. 8), Periva.e, Greenford, Middlesex, would like to send you particulars (free) of Dr. Wales' Famous Abdoma Corsets. Write now.

MEN who wear the new Vergas belt (from 6/6) are better able to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Free service with this belt after six months' wear.—Send now to Vergas, Dept. J.B., 124, Baker Street, London, W.1.

NOTE to Employers and Employees! Has a National Savings Group been formed in your office, works or shop? If not, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

DUTY-FREE Cigarettes and Tobacco for H.M. Forces in France! Send him a "Ten Bob" Parcel of Standard Brands—Wills' Gold Flake, Player's, Capstan, Woodbines or Player's Weights. For Tobaccos, too, include St. Bruno, Waverley, Player's Navy Cut or Wills' Cut Golden Bar. OR a parcel of both cigarettes and tobacco. Parcels can be sent through all high-class tobacconists, or for further particulars relating to full list of brands and prices write, mentioning *John Bull*, to British-American Tobacco, Ltd., Field Force Dept., Dean Stanley Street, London, S.W.1. Remittance in full must accompany all orders.

GET a clear skin for spring. You can have that clear, unblemished skin—that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, daily eliminate all food residue and purify the blood. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion. You, too, will be admired for your lovely clear skin, beautiful figure and radiant health if you rely on Bile Beans.

£4 WEEKLY for LIFE
OR £1,250 LUMP SUM
ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN John Bull's HUGE PENSION
£150 in Cash and Easter Ducklings
BETWEEN 12 RUNNERS-UP THIS WEEK!
Bonus Award Value £2
FOR EACH RUNNER-UP WHO SUBMITTED FOUR OR MORE SQUARES (OR TIME SAVA' COLUMNS) FOR THIS CONTEST

THINK what winning JOHN BULL'S Giant Easter Pension Prize would mean to you! With a regular £4 weekly life income to look forward to, arriving like clockwork every Saturday morning, you would revel in the comfort and security won by working out our Crossword.

Seasonable prizes of Cash and Easter Ducklings for Runners-up swell the attractions of this enormous Easter Offer, but remember that its golden opportunities are within your reach for ONE WEEK ONLY—see that your entry bears postmark of not later than Saturday, March 9.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Ties are usually stitched on
3. Is in most cases over a yard in length
6. People who have this to be cured must set about it the right way
7. May be devoted to bridge
10. Frozen water
11. Farmer's men commonly work in this
15. It's sometimes clear that this has been used on seal
19. Donkey
21. With suitable apparatus chemist could easily make a good one for customer
22. One for ordinary use in the house shouldn't cost very much
23. Boxer won't get, in strict training

DOWN CLUES.

1. Practical engineer's method of driving one machine from another would probably be this
2. "Old-fashioned" would often describe one well
4. Average ruler isn't likely to be
5. These may end in harmony
8. Untruth
9. May alter one's face considerably
12. It's rather foolish to cut one just for appearance's sake
13. People who do this for a living find it harder now
14. Heavy one falling may well add to torpedoed crew's difficulties
16. When we get this during war we must take it cheerfully and courageously
17. There may well be nasty row when new chauffeur gets gear in this
18. Beware of the eavesdropping spy when you talk to soldiers in this
20. Observe

FREE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £200

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Cash Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 39.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 192nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE

Apply at once by postcard to "John Bull" if you need extra squares for this week's Giant Offer.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, March 21. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 192, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

5 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 189

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 189, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following five competitors:—

F. C. ATKINS, Red Comb Egg Farm, Hermitage, Newbury, Berks.
G. E. JOHNSON (Jun.), "Uplands," Norlelk Rd., Uxbridge, Mdx.
T. LINDLEY, 38, Arnclife Road, Humberstone, Leicester.
MRS. SMITH, 34, Windermere Ave., Finchley, N.
A. J. L. WINCHESTER, 175, Folkestone Road, Dover.

These competitors share the First Prize of £1,250, and a cheque for £250 will be sent to each.

The Award of £150 to Runners-up has been divided between 168 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 in Surrey Fowls and Cash will be divided between Runners-up who submitted 4 or more squares in Contest No. 189.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS.—1. STUCK. 2. SKIP. 4. ROAM or ROOM. 5. NEST. 7. ASPS. 9. LOST. 12. MAT. 19. CAR. 20. DECK. 21. TINT. 22. SPARE.
DOWN.—1. SILK. 3. IMP. 6. HILL. 8. STAYS. 10. LAMP. 11. FARM. 13. ROMP. 14. JIG. 15. NECKS. 16. DIET. 17. NET. 18. LIE.

WINNING SQUARE

S	T	U	C	K
I	U	R	O	M
L	I	B	Y	A
K	O	I	L	O
T	A	L	F	A

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point ROAM and ROOM were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

THRILLING NEWS for CROSSWORDERS NEXT WEEK!

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, March 9, 1940.

2.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 21. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

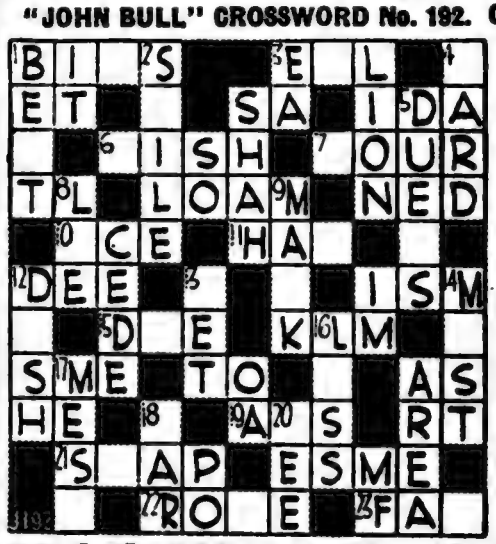
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 192. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, MARCH 9.



YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE If these squares and those published in the "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement are entered together, entry-fee of only 1s. 6d. need be enclosed, thus allowing TWO SQUARES FREE. Normal entry-fee payable if this Entry Form is not so accompanied.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name.....

Address.....

P.O Value..... No.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO LABEL

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

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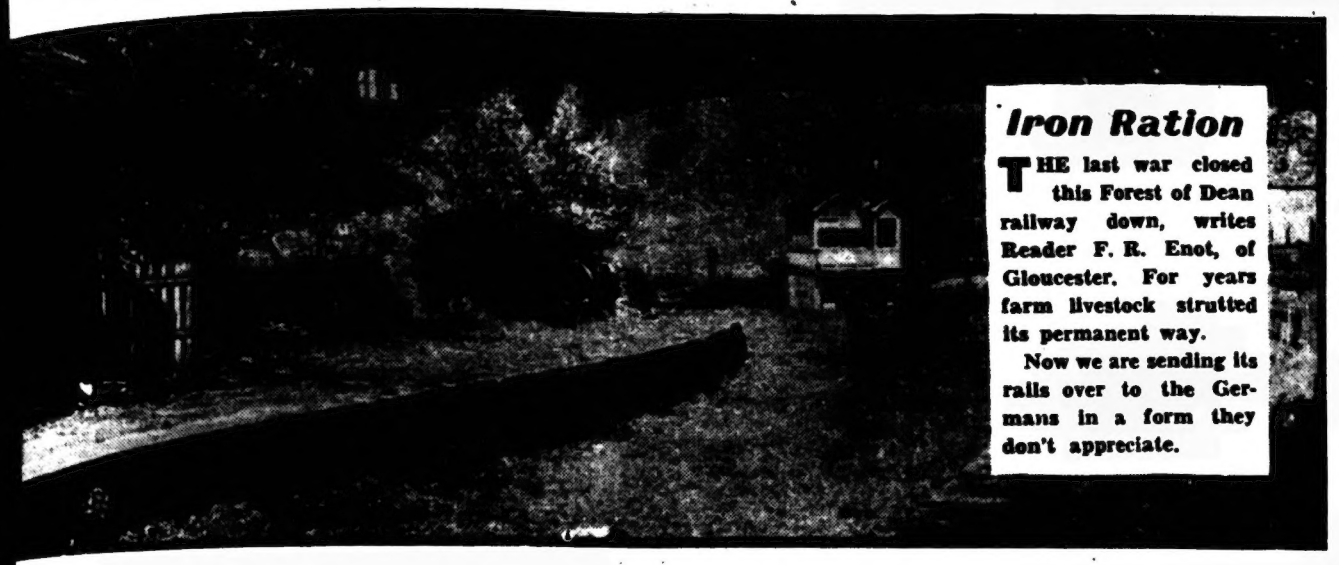
24. .....



Iron Ration

THE last war closed this Forest of Dean railway down, writes Reader F. R. Enot, of Gloucester. For years farm livestock strutted its permanent way.

Now we are sending its rails over to the Germans in a form they don't appreciate.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

I HAVE a conscientious objection, yet the Government hasn't created any machinery to see that my conscience is satisfied.

Still I object, on conscientious grounds, to being idle while my country is at war.

I helped defend Ladysmith.

I fought and was wounded in the last war.

I am itching to serve again at 62. My conscience dictates that I should do something, but nobody takes any value of conscience that is in the country's favour.

An, well! Perhaps I'm a conscientious objector of the wrong sort.—O. S., Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

"O. S." is unemployed. His handwriting is excellent. You can judge his spirit. Can you tell him how to help?

Invalid Endangered

SUFFERING from a duodenal ulcer, I am on a strict diet. I don't want bread. I don't want bacon. I would give all my food coupons for an extra ration of butter, which the doctor says I *must* have.

Yet I have learned at my local Food Control Office that "no instructions have been issued as to what can be done in instances such as mine."

People can get extra sugar for marmalade, but I can't get extra butter even if it means life itself.—F. A. I., Knaresmire, York.

Mr. Morrison hasn't dared to refuse extra rations to invalids because he knows what the answer would be. Yet delays are just as bad as refusal.

R.A.F. Code of Honour

AT the funeral of the German airmen killed murdering the crews of defenceless fishing boats, a wreath from R.A.F. officers was displayed bearing the words: "*In memory of gallant airmen.*"

Honour a brave foe, by all means, but not legally protected assassins.—A. James, 49, Paul Street, Cotham, Bristol.

R.A.F. code of chivalry, which grew out of the last war, seems strange to many people. All hate is reserved for those who give the orders and run no risk of being shot down executing them.

A Censor Lies

PARENTS of soldiers "out here" may be pleased to know that some of the lads have their own back on the man censoring their letters.

Painted in eradicable letters outside his office he has found these words:

Here at length, in quiet repose,
A censor lies, but who Heaven knows.
When frenzied Tommies shot him dead,
Filled, like his pencil, full of lead,
E'en in the graveyard he was game—
He rose and blackened out his name.

CORPORAL, "Somewhere in France."

Hidden Truths

WHAT is wrong with the modern Secret Service? E. Phillips Oppenheim seems to be the only man left who understands good old spy tactics.

For years Russia was able to deceive the world, hiding the truth about its untrained and inefficient army, its tinpot transport and its utterly inadequate leadership.

Can anybody name any one important thing that any one country knew about any other that proved to be dead accurate?—D. Grant, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.

For years British Secret Service agents have been reporting that if Britain and France were allied to Russia, they could not depend on the Soviet army. Purges only have kept that army loyal to Stalin.

Soldiers Must Know

SOLDIERS may not always realise what a letter home means to a woman. I hope this will help to teach them.

A friend of mine, who went through the last war, received a letter from his insurance company the other day, and showed it to his wife.

Looking at the signature she said, "For quite a time that man used to censor your letters from France."

Letters were turned up.

She was right. She had never forgotten even that little bit of pencilled scrawl in the corner of her man's letters.—William Peers, Park Avenue, Wallasey.

Wages of War

PEOPLE are still saying British troops are well paid compared with French and Belgian soldiers.

The French soldier gets 10d. a day; 1s. a day when under fire. The Belgian gets three farthings a day!

But these Continental soldiers are so badly paid that they do not lose their homes because the rent is too much. Their furniture is not confiscated when they can't pay instalments. It is almost an unwritten rule that the family shall help the man who is doing his duty to the country.

All the world over, even in the United States, authorities pay soldiers a sum on which they can *just manage*.—P. J., Hilldrop Road, N.7.

No Amateurs, Please

PEOPLE are asking whether they are going to have holidays this year, and whether they will be allowed to go to the seaside.

I intend to have my holiday on a farm, so that I can give the farmer a helping hand.

Farmers are going to be busy, and will want all the help they can get.

I hope thousands of people follow suit.—L. V. Marsden, Rivelin Park Road, Malin Bridge, Sheffield.

Farmers don't want holiday-makers. They don't even want city folk taught on "blitz" methods. They want their trained workers who are born of the soil and live for the soil. And with food as important as it is they are entitled to them. Given their trained men, they won't want amateurs.

★ THIS IS YOUR PAGE! It is a weekly opportunity for you to tell the world your opinions, ask for advice about all manner of problems, whether connected with the Services or civilian life, and air your grouses. "John Bull" pays 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use a photograph you have taken to illustrate a letter. WRITE TO JOHN BULL

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

1. Are you depressed?
2. Is your complexion poor?
3. Is your tongue coated?
4. Are the whites of your eyes muddy?
5. Do you feel tired in the morning?

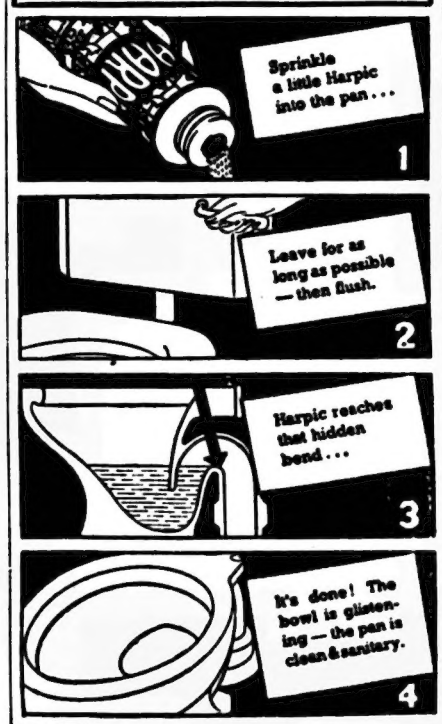
THESE are the symptoms of a complaint which robs your life of a good deal of pleasure, which affects your job, and makes you irritable and lazy. Often it forms the basis for serious diseases. Yet thousands of people suffer from it without really knowing that they are ill.

This complaint hasn't got a high-sounding Latin name — perhaps people would take more notice if it had. It's just called 'constipation.' Constipation is caused through lack of moisture in the colon. The colon then absorbs poisons from accumulating waste matter, which it distributes through the bloodstream. If you have any of the above symptoms — the symptoms of constipation — try this simple treatment.

Take enough Kruschen Salts to cover a sixpence, dissolved in tea or warm water first thing every morning. Kruschen attracts moisture to the colon, and easy, natural evacuation follows, and accumulated poisons are thus eliminated. At the same time, Kruschen causes the liver and kidneys to be flushed, in this way purifying the bloodstream.

Unlike other laxatives which must be taken in increasingly larger doses, the Kruschen dose remains the same. Kruschen costs 1/9, 1/- and 6d. at all chemists.

Quick, easy, thorough way
TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY


Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan...
1
Leave for as long as possible — then flush.
2
Harpic reaches that hidden bend...
3
It's done! The bowl is glistening — the pan is clean & sanitary.
4

TODAY, when homes are crowded and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to every housewife. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Septic Leg
Wound Healed
After 4 Applications

"For some time I had a very bad septic wound on my leg. I tried all kinds of things with no beneficial results until I was recommended Holloways Brand Ointment. . ."

After only four applications the wound has healed.

CHILBLAINS HEALED

"My daughter had open chilblains on every finger but Holloways Ointment has healed the lot. . ."

Here is Another Amazing Letter—

"I had two large wounds in my left leg and calf and one large one in my right leg for over four years, and I could get nothing to heal them. They got worse and worse. For nearly three years I had treatment, but nothing could heal my wounds. At last I was persuaded to use Holloways Ointment. My legs rapidly healed and are now perfectly well. I go to work in the pit as though they never had been bad."

These experiences must bring new light and hope into the life of every skin sufferer. *You* may be agonised by leg trouble, but HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT can heal it! You may be maddened by the cruel irritation of eczema — HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT brings RELIEF! You may have an ugly rash, a painful abscess, a burn, scald, or festering wound, but the great healing power of HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT is all-powerful.

A century of success stands behind every tin and jar of HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT. Amongst its marvellous ingredients, HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT contains real dairy butter, rich in skin-soothing and skin-feeding properties. If you've a skin trouble, you've an instant and urgent need for HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT.

HOLLOWAYS
Brand
OINTMENT

Is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

LAZY KIDNEYS
a cause of
BACKACHE

BACKACHE, urinary disorders and rheumatic pains frequently occur when strain, worry or a cold, chill or fever has overtaxed the kidneys. These vital filtering organs are apt to clog up or weaken under the burden and the whole system suffers.

Tissue wastes and acids from your food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes of which these organs are composed can do their work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6. Trial size 6d.

FOR BARGAINS . . . . . See JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW —*Page 3.*

THE LAST LAUGH

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Winter's Sword—Elevates Plumber To "Sir"

W. R. (Clapham).—"There were two words in the preacher's sermon last Sunday that really made me sit up and take notice. What do you think they were?" In conclusion?

Mr. T. (Halifax).—"My brain instantly separates anything likely to be of use from material that is of no value." See letter below.

Mrs. T. (Halifax).—"My husband has a head like a sieve." See letter above.

D. M. (Bentley).—"Anything fresh in your office?" Only the office boy.

Pte. H. (B.E.F.).—"Can you guess what was the first thing I did when I reached France?" Yes, disembarked.

H. H. (Watford).—"I was knocked over by an errand-boy running into me." What an unusual errand-boy!

Crooner (London, W.).—"I always know what to expect in my fan mail." Why? Do you write it?

Topsy (Farnham).—"If you were a girl and had a man chasing you, what would you do?" Stand still.

G. J. (Pengam).—"Women's dress in these days undoubtedly shows their good taste." And that isn't all.

Collector (Birmingham).—"I have a velvet coat said to have belonged to Disraeli." Got any Gladstone bags?

T. P. (Warminster).—"To settle a bet, can you tell me where glue comes from?" The wrong end of the tube, very often.

H. L. (Hastings).—"I have no objection to my wife wearing trousers in the house." But you don't want her to wear them out?

F. B. (Aldershot).—"My commanding officer asserts that any soldier can ride a mule if he likes." And if the mule likes!

P. B. (Colchester).—"Our sergeant's flow of language is remarkable. What do you think he was before the war?" A sergeant.

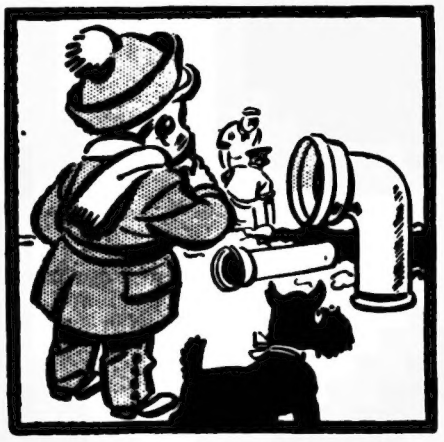
SANDY (Leith).—"I'd a very expensive doctor; so good that I now owe him my life." Is that all, Sandy—what about the bill?

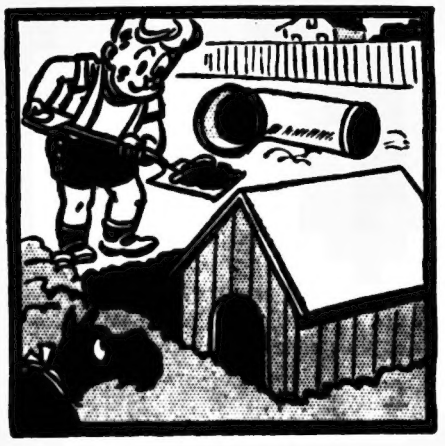
W. D. (Hoylake).—"Should I be very much out if I say that you are a motorist?" Yes, about six or seven weeks.

G. B. (Rickmansworth). — "When soldiers put their heads together there's generally something doing." Crown and anchor?

Miss A. F. (Maidstone).—"The fellow at the music shop has all but one of the qualities that go to make a good husband." He won't propose?

THE KID By LEES





R. N. (Brimscombe).—"After I had told him I was an honest and conscientious tradesman, what do you think he asked me to supply?" Proof?

J. A. (St. Albans).—"My son, who is in the Air Force, manages to come home for a few shillings each week-end." And do you let him have them?

J. M. (Uxbridge).—"A fortnight ago the manager threatened to sack me, and how long do you think I've worked at the firm?" For the last fortnight.

E. S. (Blandford).—"My pal has an insatiable ambition to get something for nothing." Well, he may end up by getting free clothes, board and lodging.

R. M. (Earby).—"Thanks to the war, punctuality now seems to be a thing of the past." Oh, no. Easter will be even earlier than usual this year.

D. B. (Orpington).—"I once dropped a 10s. note out of a railway carriage window and pulled the communication cord." Thus dropping £5 10s. in all?

A. R. (Taunton).—"When they called on me to sing I was so surprised that I didn't know where to look." But in the end you decided to face the music?

Militiaman (Essex).—"I got in an awful stew on the very first day I arrived in barracks." Great Scot! Have they started putting recruits in the stuff, too?

E. N. (Leyland).—"No mother likes to think of her progeny becoming hard-boiled." But we doubt if the domestic hen ever worries like this about her eggs.

Flossie (Reading).—"When he kissed me against my will, he had the impudence to come again the next night." Well, people sometimes alter their wills, you know.

BEN (Thurnham).—"When I'd finished singing my first song at the charity concert, they asked me if I knew 'The Road to Mandalay.'" Did they want you to sing it or take it?

S. W. (Lewisham).—"Do you not agree that there is no more soothing experience than to sit quietly listening to the sound of running water?" Well, it depends on whether it's your own or your neighbour's pipes that have burst.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

The Derbyshire Times:—"On a wet or foggy day you will get a nice polish on your furniture quite easily if you keep warming your duster. Fresh fish can be cooked in the same way."

Beckenham and Penge Advertiser:—"... has been evacuated and the patients are now being omitted to the new quarters."

Evening News:—"Billy Cotton and his band will be supporting her."

Dewsbury District News:—"Afternoon tea was served and everybody enjoyed a niece of the handsome birthday cake . . ."

Telegraph and Argus:—"Call-up of first bath of men aged twenty-two, but not yet twenty-three, began . . ."

St. Helens News and Advertiser:—"A summons against —— for selling sausages not of the quality demanded was dismissed . . ."

Ossett Observer:—"Mrs. Q—— sustained cuts to the bread and her niece, who was travelling with her, cuts to the head and face."

Kentish Express:—". . . the bride travelling in a camel hair cat with a navy dress and brown accessories."

DON'T IGNORE INDIGESTION

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

In my practice I have been astonished to find how many people neglect the early stages of stomach trouble. When they feel pains after eating, or get heartburn or palpitation, they ignore it: it's only indigestion! But later, when the trouble has developed into gastritis or even gastric ulcers, the doctor has to put them right—a difficult task at that stage.

Yet it is a very simple matter to stop the trouble where it starts and so avoid serious complications. Most digestive disorders are due to an excessively acid condition of the stomach, which can, however, be counteracted quite easily if taken in time. My own recommendation is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, a first-class antacid, a dose of which will quickly neutralise excess stomach acidity and bring immediate relief in practically all cases of stomach disorder.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, can be obtained from any chemist at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

66 CASH EASTER EGGS for "BULLETS"

1st PRIZE JOY WIRE THURS. MAR. 21

£200 CASH

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY TO WIN CASH FOR EASTER!

EASTER SUNDAY IS MARCH 24—SO ALL CASH PRIZES WILL BE SPECIALLY DESPATCHED FOR ARRIVAL, SAT., MARCH 23

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3

10 EASTER CHEQUES OF £2·10 | 10 OF £2 | 10 OF £1·10 | 10 OF £1

ONE WEEK ONLY!

20 of 10/- 200 SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE £5

2000 OTHER PRIZES

BE QUICK for your EASTER CASH!

GLORIOUS is the Easter Surprise which may well be in store for you if you make a *Bullets* entry this week! "You have won £200 First Prize..." will be the thrilling message flashed by golden Joy Wire to the sender of the best effort—and it will arrive on March 21, the Thursday before Easter.

Whilst aiming at this fine All-cash First, remember that there are also 65 other useful cash "Easter Eggs" awaiting winners—special arrangements for their early despatch will ensure arrival on Saturday, March 23.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of your own and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

Regard each of the winning *Bullets* in our 1,207th Contest Result on this page as a guide to how *you* could have scored and, after noting their good points carefully, begin building your "Easter Egg" *Bullets* with the help of *Examples* below.

Don't be too late with your entry—it may be posted up to the last collection on Saturday, March 9.

BULLETS' 1,207 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200:

W. WALLACE, 58, Knock Eden Park, Rosetta, Belfast.

Example: HOPE'S CANDLE
Bullet: AND HITLERISM'S "EXTINGUISHER," DEMOCRACY.

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

A. NICHOLAS, Breage, Helston, Cornwall.
Example: Man's Mistake
Bullet: Grabbing—Grabbing—Still "Ungrasped."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. W. B. COOPER, 71, Lockhart Street, Stonehouse, Lanarkshire.
Example: To Entertain The Troops
Bullet: "Song-birds"—To Tend, "Nightingales."

OTHER PRIZES:

S. N. LAWTON, 33, Sabell Road, Smethwick.
Tommy's Wife—Waves Cheerfully—Cheers Wavers only.

D. CARPENTER, 6, Hartland Way, Shirley, Croydon.
To Thwart Hitler—Impossible, So Thought Hitler!

T. S. RAWLINS, 56, Newtown Avenue, Boston Estate.
The Allies Are Winning, But—Get "Result" Before Whistle "I

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

J. BAIN, 5, Broomlands, Paisley.
At the Breakfast Table—Fish, Despite "Salt's Peppering"

Mrs. D. B. BUCKLE, 12, Church Street, Ilkley, Yorkshire.
Good Show—Allies' "Single Management" Assures

G. CUMMINS, 130, Chertsey Court, Mortlake Terrace, S.W.
Dad's On Munitions, So—"Where I've been? Sheerness"

Mrs. GRIFFITHS, "Arden," 70, Broad Road, Sale, Manchester.
If Clothes Are Rationed—Dad Fears *Bags*

Mrs. JOHNSON, 26, Highlands Road, Barnet, Herts.
In Hitler's To-day—One Thought—Preventing "Unthinkable."

THRILLING NEWS

FOR "BULLETEERS" NEXT WEEK

J. MacPHERSON, 151, Park Road, Worthing.
The Allies Are Winning, But—Keep On "Winning" Allies!

E. MORRIS, 12, Esmond Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.
To Help Hitler—"Save Face," Goebbels' "Vitrics"

A. B. PATRICK, 21, Astley Crescent, Quinton, Birmingham.
Dangerous Odds—For Nazi Airmen, *Evens!*

Miss I. SALTER, 119, Harlington Road, Hillingdon, Middx.
Tommy's Wife—"Lives" Again—Leave Again!

J. C. WILES, 53, Burlington Road, Southampton.
Invisible—Unless Pedestrian Already Bandaged!

Radio Set accompanies each Cash Prize from £1 10s. to £200.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

N.B. Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 36, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

ADDRESS LABEL BELOW TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED MAR. 23, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

24

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,211 — Closing postmark, SAT., MAR. 9.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

IF WAR LASTS 10 YEARS
HELPS HITLER
THREAT TO CIVILISATION
BETTER TIMES
PEACE AND PLENTY
FALLING IN
CAN'T DO A THING
MOTHER REGRETS
FOAMING WITH RAGE
PRETTY PICTURE
THERE ARE SPIES ABOUT, SO
DISILLUSIONED
MAKING ENEMIES
WOULD BE A TREAT
JUDGING FROM HER FACE
IN THE EXCITEMENT
WITH DIFFICULTY
SURE TO LOSE
HOW THE TROUBLE STARTED
FINLAND v. RUSSIA

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" on which to build your "Bullets" as instructed.

DEFYING .....
WITH A ..... AIR
ALL OVER THE .....
TO COMFORT .....
IN CASE OF .....
PATH TO .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,211 — Closing postmark SAT., MAR. 9.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,211 or X-word No. 192 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,211, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY Closing postmark **SATURDAY, MAR. 9.**

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

It Acts Like Magic!

Elasto
REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."

"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto', my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arteriosclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

'ELASTO' (DEPT. 15.E), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists Everywhere

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of 'Elasto,'" fully explaining how 'Elasto', The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

J.B. No. 2340.

(Issued by the New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.)

'Elasto' will save you pounds!

F. 37 | J.B.L.113 | 100 ★

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